

THE AMERICAN NEPTUNE

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY



Volume VII. No. 3

July 1947

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SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

Printed by The Anthoensen Press, Portland, Maine

Published by The American Neptune, Incorporated, Salem, Massachusetts

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ROBERT Bennet Forbes (1804-1889) of Boston, who enjoyed a more adventurous life than most of his contemporaries, used to say that he was born to eat bad puddings off the Cape of Good Hope. Whatever George Coleman DeKay of New York, who was born two years earlier than Forbes, may have thought of his own dietary prospects, he had a remarkable facility for turning up in command of unexpected ships in improbable places. In January 1946 readers of the NEPTUNE had an opportunity to follow George DeKay to South America, where he delivered frigates built by Henry Eckford of New York for the Colombian and Brazilian governments, and eventually—at the ripe age of twenty-five—became commanding officer of the brig General Brandzen of the Navy of the Government of Buenos Aires. In 1828, after a successful cruise against Brazilian shipping, in the course of which he refitted in New York, George DeKay left the Argentine naval service in order to fight for Greece. In the present issue, he reappears in command of Henry Eckford's corvette United States, which left New York for Turkey in June 1831. While in Constantinople he was offered, and declined, command of a division of the Ottoman fleet in the current war

between the Sublime Porte and the Viceroy of Egypt, preferring to buy a yacht at Smyrna, cruise through the Aegean and peacefully make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. However, Mrs. John Hall Wheelock's latest article is only incidentally concerned with George DeKay's adventures, for it is a sketch of the life of the shipbuilder Henry Eckford, who, after a useful career of naval and mercantile construction in New York, set out for Turkey with his 'fast sailing ship . . . for the purpose of exhibiting her as a specimen of American naval architecture, and disposing of her as a legitimate article of mercantile adventure.' Eckford died suddenly in Constantinople the following year, though not until he had sold his ship to the Sultan for \$150,000 and had set up an American section (occupying a space as large as the Washington Navy Yard) in the Sultan's Navy Yard. Mrs. Wheelock presents new evidence concerning Eckford's shipbuilding activities in Turkey from the diplomatic dispatches of Commodore David Porter, American Chargé d'Affaires to Constantinople.

While details of the lives and business affairs of shipbuilders were committed to paper, and so may potentially be unearthed in manuscript collections, very little was written down concerning the technique of wooden shipbuilding in American yards. The most meticulous searching of books and manuscripts will not bring to light information that exists only in peoples' heads. It is consequently a particular pleasure when someone like Mr. Harold C. Roberts—for many years associated with the Bureau of Ships of the Navy Department—recalls the function and operation of the steam sheds of the wooden shipyards of his native state of Maine. It is hoped that other readers with specific knowledge of the techniques of wooden shipbuilding will be moved to share this information by contributing similar articles to future issues of the NEPTUNE.

Henry Eckford (1775-1832), an American Shipbuilder

BY PHYLLIS DEKAY WHEELOCK

MANY authorities have discussed the work of Henry Eckford, a New York shipbuilder and designer in the early part of the nineteenth century, but very little has been written about his personal life since the time when Henry Howe published his *Memoirs of the Most Eminent American Mechanics* (New York, 1840).¹ Now, a hundred years later, it might be interesting to examine the character and private life of this vivid, energetic Scottish immigrant who had an active part in the growth and prosperity of our youthful republic.

Henry Eckford was born on 12 March 1775 at Kilwinning,² near Irvine (the Clyde district), Scotland. His parents, Henry and Maria Eckford, sent him at sixteen to work under his mother's brother, John Black, who according to Henry Howe was 'an eminent naval constructor at Quebec.' 'Here,' continued Howe, 'he remained for three or four years and in 1796, at the age of twenty-one, he commenced his labors in New York.' He was now a mechanic and his first work is said to have been with a boat-shop in Dover Street, his wages \$1.25 a week. But in 1799, after only three years, Eckford thought himself sufficiently well established to marry the twenty-year-old Marion Bedell, of Hempstead, Long Island. The next year, in 1800, their first child was born, in Water Street, close to the shipyards. This little girl, Sarah, was the eldest of nine children,

¹ At the beginning of Henry Howe's chapter on Eckford we get an explanation:—'We are indebted to the kindness of a friend for the following memoir of one whose talent . . . in improving the popular arm of national defence.' What then follows, gives the impression that some very close friend of Eckford's (perhaps a former pupil like Isaac Webb) may be speaking in Howe's pages to 'put the case' for the subject of the biography.

² John George Bartholemew, ed., *Gazetteer of the British Isles* (Edinburgh, 1887), describes the place as follows: 'Kilwinning, town and par. with Ry. Sta. N. Ayrshire pop. 3469, 3½ miles N.W. Irvine. Kilwinning has some remains of an abbey, founded in 1140 and destroyed in 1561—is traditionally the birthplace of Scottish Freemasonry and the Kilwinning Lodge claims (or claimed) to be the Mother Lodge of Scotland; in the Statutes of 1599, however, precedence was given to the Lodge at Edinburgh. The Royal Company of Archers of Kilwinning dates from at least 1488; their annual custom of shooting at the papingo or popinjay is described in Scott's *Old Mortality*—Kilwinning has a woolen factory and large engineering and fire-clay works, and many of the inhabitants find employment in the neighboring Eglinton Iron Works.'

several of whom died in infancy or early youth; but Fenimore Cooper, in speaking of Eckford's death in 1832, says 'he left descendants to the third degree behind him in the home that had become endeared by associations of forty years.'

In the *History of American Sailing Ships* by Howard Irving Chapelle we have a most distinguished modern estimate of Eckford's work and character.³ Other writers have seen him as a forerunner of the builders of the clipper ships,⁴ which Mr. Chapelle thinks have of late been *too* much praised and publicized. Henry Howe starts off with a fairly pompous description of 'New York ascendancy in shipbuilding,' interwoven with the success-story of his youthful subject: 'At this time the vessels constructed at Philadelphia stood high in the public esteem; but it is scarcely too much to say, that those built by Mr. Eckford soon occupied the first rank, and gradually New-York-built ships bore away the palm from all competitors.' He goes on to explain Eckford's methods, having first said that he never wasted an owner's money—'he preferred feeling his way cautiously step by step. . . . Upon the return of one of his vessels . . . by a series of questions he obtained . . . an accurate estimate of her properties under all the casualties of navigation . . . This, connected with her form, enabled him to execute his judgement upon the next vessel to be built.'

Beaver, which we hear of at this time as built with Captain Beebe⁵ 'in their yard at the foot of Clinton Street,' was ordered by John Jacob Astor for the China trade and launched in 1803.⁶ 'Of 427 tons register, she carried 1100 tons, and her frame was of live oak.' We shall often hear of this southern wood in the building of Eckford's ships. He had the craftsman's feeling for his materials—nothing must be used but the best. One of the ships most talked of was Eckford's early-built *Sportsman* (afterwards named *Samuel Elam*). Her original figurehead was a man on horseback, and the bowsprit just cleared his head.⁷

The New York of those days did not separate business and the pleasures of life as we do. Arts and professions and what we still call science were hardly divorced. Although the waterside streets grew grass during Jefferson's 'long embargo' New York remained a lively, cozy, gossiping little

³ (New York: W. W. Norton, 1935) 112 ff, 128, 278, 280.

⁴ Jacob Bell, who later built clipper ships, was one of Eckford's apprentices.

⁵ John H. Morrison, *History of New York Shipyards* (New York, 1909), 36, states that the firm of Eckford and [Edward] Beebe covered the period 1803-1809.

⁶ It is said that *Beaver* once made the long run home from Canton to Bermuda in seventy-five days.

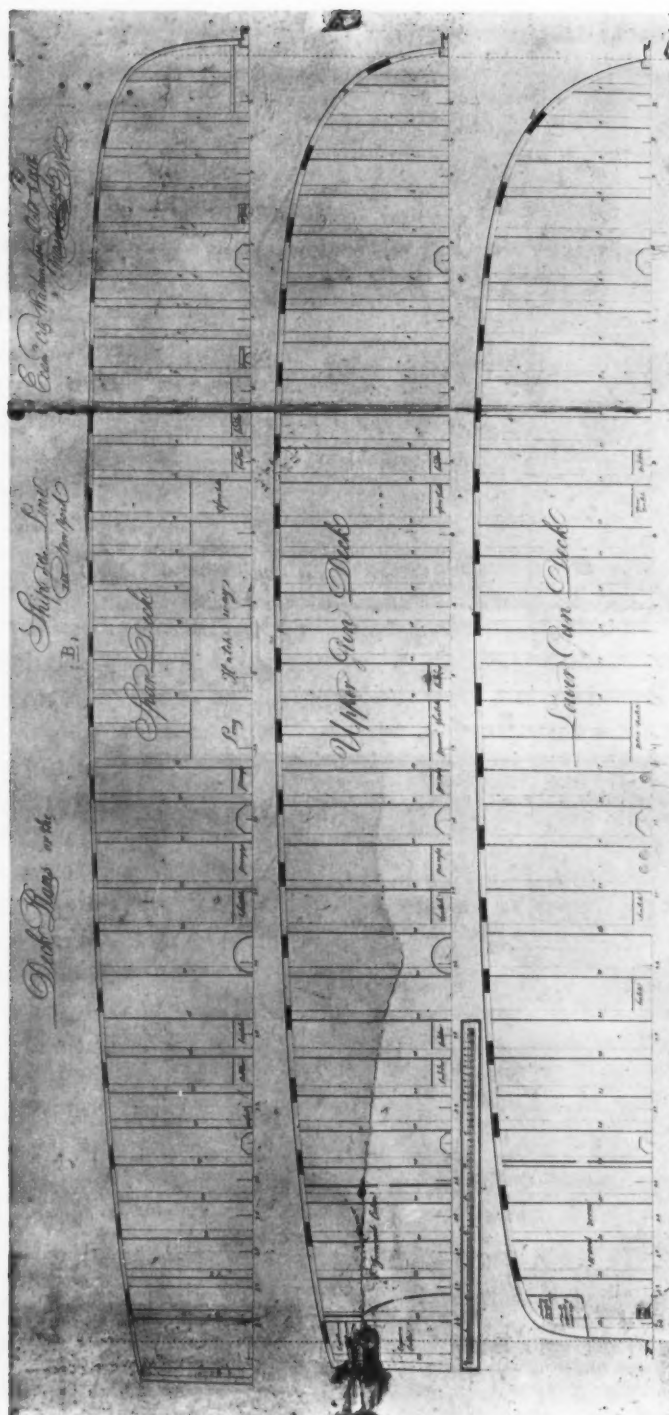
⁷ 'Early History of Ship-building in New York,' *U. S. Nautical Magazine and Naval Chronicle*, July 1857. Changes were made in this ship because 'her galleries it is said were somewhat burdensome, which in connection with her buttocks caused the vessel to steer badly.'



Henry Eckford
by Henry Inman



Henry Eckford
by Robert Fulton



Deck Plans of a Ship of the Line, 1818
Webb Institute of Naval Architecture

seaport; people still walked out to tea-parties, pretty girls went to chemistry lectures, and most gentlemen with any ear at all for music played the flute.

Early in his career Eckford began to work with Christian Bergh, a very tall, handsome New Yorker, his senior by twelve years. Life in that day revolved around one's work. In the shipyards the saying was 'Bergh's principal amusement is in going to see Eckford, and Eckford's principal amusement is in going to see Bergh.'⁸ They lived close to each other near the East River, New York, where eventually thirty-three shipyards could be counted from Corlears Hook to East 14th Street. Christian Bergh lived on the corner of Scammel and Water Streets, in a two-story frame house—'old Colonel Rutgers, the Crosbys and Henry Eckford living near by.' When J. Fenimore Cooper⁹ tells us that, in 1807, Eckford 'began to be employed by government' it was probably due to Bergh's suggesting him. After war became an actuality in 1812, the work these two men had done together in building the *Oneida* (1808) had no doubt given them a preliminary idea of how to go about giving this country a Great Lakes' navy.¹⁰

But during the pre-war period, on 13 December 1806, there arrived in New York a self-expatriated American, the portrait painter-inventor, Robert Fulton. Here was a man almost the opposite to Eckford in character and temper. Of Irish descent on both sides, Fulton's father was an immigrant from County Kilkenny to Pennsylvania in pre-revolutionary days. His was a mind which touched on many subjects—painting, canals, torpedos, steamboats and plunging boats, marble-sawing, ferry monopolies, and much else. Fulton must have fascinated the sober, practical, what Henry Adams calls 'pure act' temper of Eckford. It was probably Fulton's first love, painting, which brought the two men together most happily.¹¹

⁸ G. W. Sheldon, 'The Old Shipbuilders of New York,' *Harper's New Monthly magazine*, LXV (July 1882), 223-229. In later days Eckford used to visit Archibald Forrester 'and sit with Forrester and his own half-brother, John Allen, talking politics and theology with Scottish energy and certainty.'

⁹ *History of the Navy of the United States of America* (Philadelphia, 1839). Cooper's marriage to his Tory wife, and his resignation from our naval service in the crucial year 1811 have, perhaps, given this book its very special personal, almost wistful qualities. In preparing it, Cooper wrote to his old friend, Dr. James E. DeKay (1792-1851), naturalist, in search of facts concerning DeKay's father-in-law, Henry Eckford.

¹⁰ *Register of Officer Personnel United States Navy and Marine Corps and Ships' Data 1801-1807* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1945), 84, lists the gunboats built by Eckford and Beebe and Christian Bergh under contracts authorized by Acts of Congress of 21 April 1806 and 18 December 1807.

¹¹ Fulton's full-length portraits (1809) of Henry Eckford (Plate 21) and of Marion Eckford holding her latest baby, Henrietta, are evidently good as likenesses and not unsympathetic, if rather tightly painted. The details are neglected. The poor baby is hideous, in a large mob cap with queer fish-like, side-blown long clothes and Eckford's hands are scamped and undersized; but it is perhaps a more truthful picture of the rugged young man from North Ayrshire in his best dark-blue broadcloth than are the later portraits, by Jarvis and Henry Inman (Plate 21), of the successful, accomplished shipbuilder.

Mr. Fulton's steamboat engines were among the most romantic features of this period; had he not bargained back and forth with Napoleon Bonaparte and the British Admiralty? Now our own New York magnate, Chancellor Livingston, would get his steamboat monopoly on the Hudson 'at long last' as Fulton had said he could, when they talked in Paris at Joel Barlow's hospitable, scientific house. Here, sustained by Livingston's large means and powerful 'influence' at Albany, and with an engine procured with the greatest difficulties from England, the steamboat *Clermont* puffed her way up the Hudson River and back again.

In the iron works of James Allaire, who inherited Robert Fulton's engine works, were the new craftsmen, 'artists' and 'machinerists'—the men who built these fascinating new engines, and for many years Charles Brown¹² was the New York builder 'best at steamboats.'

In spite of these developments, when Henry Eckford entered into contracts with the United States government for the construction of naval vessels on the Great Lakes in 1812, no one could imagine using steam engines there for the serious business of war. It is true that *Fulton the First*¹³ caused great joy and excitement in New York in 1814—but our poor *President* and the rest of our ocean vessels were cooped up under English blockade for many a long month. However, on the Great Lakes it was another matter, and just as we prospered with dashing privateers on the high seas, so our frontier tactics of mother-wit and improvisation came into play; and Cooper gives us a feeling of the aura about our young United States. He writes: 'On the 6th of April Mr. Eckford put into the water on the American side, a beautiful little pilot-boat schooner that was intended for a lookout and despatch vessel. She was armed with merely one long brass nine on a pivot, and was called the *Lady of the Lake*. Two days later the keel of a new ship was laid.' This pilot-boat becomes (one might say) Cooper's heroine—a swift, elegant creature taking officers to where they were most needed, or darting off to reconnoitre the enemy shore.

Mr. Chapelle speaks of Eckford as a 'genius in organization,' and more than talent was needed to build against time and to provide the right vessels for the war on the Lakes. Eckford, as Mr. Chapelle says,¹⁴ 'was the designer of nearly all the men-of-war built on Lake Ontario during the war, *Superior*, *General Pike*, *Lady of the Lake*, *Mohawk* and others,' and 'was also

¹² In 1825 James Allaire constructed an early Woolf-type compound marine engine for Charles Brown's steamboat *Henry Eckford*. The vessel was not successful and after 1828 Allaire abandoned these engines.

¹³ See David B. Tyler, 'Fulton's Steam Frigate,' *THE AMERICAN NEPTUNE*, VI (1946), 253-274.

¹⁴ Chapelle, *op. cit.*, 128.

an excellent teacher of his art, as is evidenced by the number and fame of his apprentices.¹⁵ The apprentice system had its fatherly and fostering side; and long years after Eckford's death it was said that 'his men liked him and he was a genuine mechanic.' It is told of Isaac Webb that when he saw a piece of work ill-done in his yard he would go and show the workmen how, saying 'I'd have done it thus and so' and if the man offered to do it over, he would not allow him, to save his pride.¹⁶ Webb may have learned this under Eckford; and such a mixture of sincerity and sympathy would help to get results when they were vitally important.

In an article on early shipbuilding in New York by John W. Griffiths,¹⁷ we hear of a visiting English shipbuilder who was quickly on the scene at the Great Lakes after peace had been made in 1814, and who 'expressed his astonishment at the expedition displayed by the American builders.' This has a familiar ring today. Mr. Griffiths also explains that as 'no appropriation had been made by Congress for the payment for those sites for building . . . Mr. Eckford took them with the understanding that he would be reimbursed by Congress . . . in this and other ways he expended during the war some hundreds of thousands of dollars and incurred responsibilities to the full extent of his credit.' 'These debts,' writes Howe, were 'on the conclusion of the war . . . promptly and honorably settled with the Government.'

In this instance, at any rate, our country did not fail to show its gratitude. That Eckford's prosperity continued after the war is indicated by his being taxed on \$30,000 in 1815 and on \$50,000 in 1820.

In spite of the foundation of the New York stock exchange in 1817, most of the city's insurance, shipping and mercantile business continued to be managed by a few private bankers. Such an one was the 'Nantucket Trader,' Jacob Barker, with whom on his return to New York Eckford was associated in banking and insurance.

Jacob Barker's counting house employed many men who came to make their fortune in the city. Barker was proud of his family connection on both sides with Benjamin Franklin and greeted everyone with 'Glad to see thee.' One of his clerks, Fitz-Greene Halleck, became famous abroad in 1823 for his poem on the Greek patriot Marco Bozzaris; and his satire on a new-rich shop-keeping family of Pearl Street, 'Fanny,' amused New York State and even the English. Long before Thackeray's day it was obvi-

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, 280. Sidney Wright, Isaac Webb, Stephen Smith, Thomas Magson, William Bennet, Andrew Craft, John Englis, David Brown, Jacob Bell, Lozier, Wilson, Aikman, J. Morgan, and S. Horner were the names of some of the the apprentices.

¹⁶ Sheldon, *op. cit.*, 230.

¹⁷ See note 7.

ous that only a snob *in excelsis* could write verses on (or a book of) snobs. But in life they are often, like the late Provost of Trinity, Dublin, Dr. Mahaffy, most attractive and companionable men. Of such was Halleck.¹⁸

Among the many friends of both Barker and Eckford were James DeKay, who liked birds and reptiles, Dr. Joe Drake, so good looking that he was one of the leading members of the 'Ugly Club' and the Englishman, William Langstaff, woman-hater, professional eccentric and mineralogist. All these young men were entertained by Eckford, and his confidential secretary, Charles Powell Clinch, who, like Halleck, inclined to writing plays and poems.

Sarah Eckford, like many daughters of today, was capable of ruling her busy father. At sixteen she married the penniless, versifying young doctor, Joseph Rodman Drake, aged twenty-one. Halleck was dismayed. He wrote to his 'confidante' sister, Maria, sending a copy of 'The Culprit Fay' on 29 January 1817,—'and as his wife's father is rich I imagine he will write no more . . . I officiated as groomsman tho much against my will.'¹⁹ He visited his friend, however, every day and he was later devoted to Drake's widow, and godfather to her little girl, Janet Halleck Drake.

As to Eckford's son-in-law, he writes to his sister at New Orleans, 'N.Y. Aug 16, 1817 . . . to quiet Caroline's solicitude . . . when the Almighty wished to form the perfect model of mind and heart, He made Mr. Eckford; that I have found the best and most affectionate of mothers in Mrs. Eckford, . . . I would not exchange my Sall for an angel in heaven for her dowry nor my little fireside for Vathek's fine palaces.'²⁰ The word 'dowry' describes something which gave both ease and pleasure to Drake for the short time he had to live.

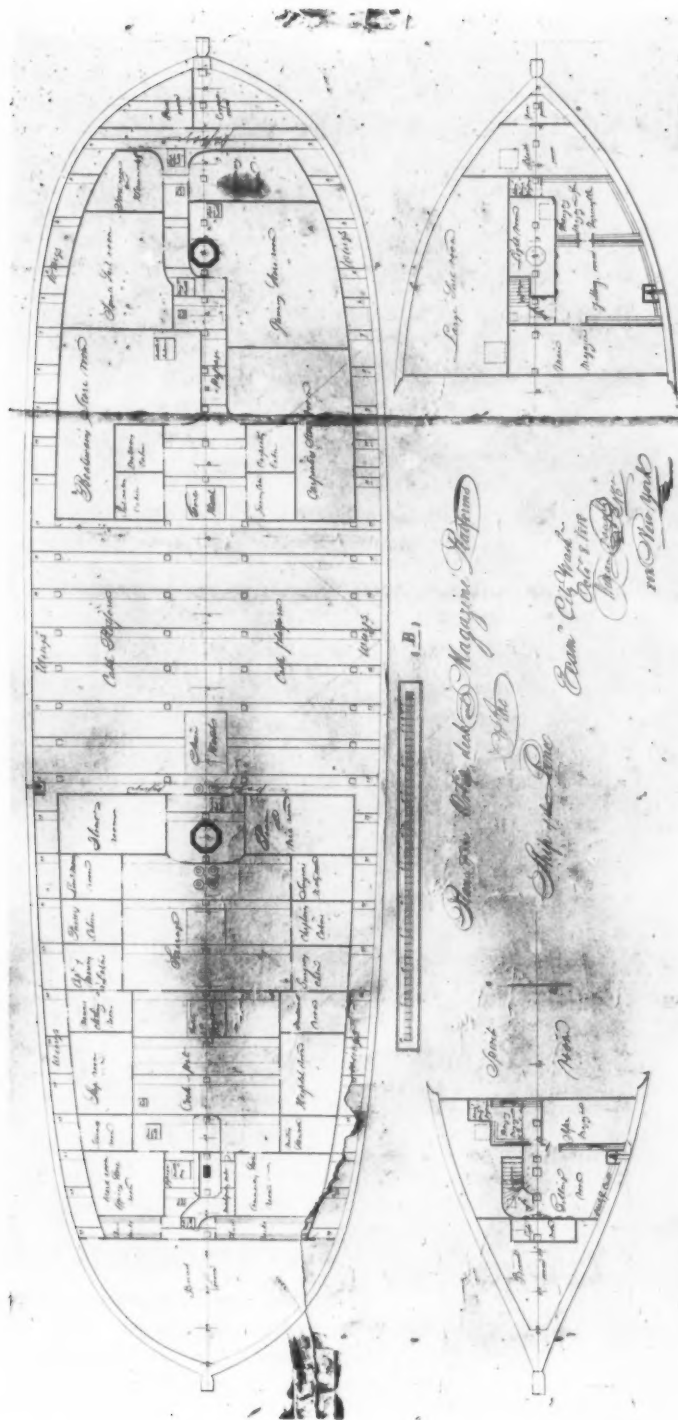
Mr. Eckford financed a trip to Europe in 1818 for the young Drakes, his second daughter, Janet, and the unpredictable William Langstaff. James DeKay went over with them to get his degree in medicine at Edinburgh. They must have been a gay party, the two girls eighteen and sixteen, and the three young men in their twenties. They visited the shrines of Robert Burns and Eckford's Irvine. Here Drake wrote to Halleck a long, 'ranting' rhymed epistle in pseudo-Scots. Obviously it was not to be shown to Mr. Eckford. Halleck was always being teased for his foreign admirations and for finding everything at home unpoetical.

When the young people got home in 1819, Eckford's ship of the line

¹⁸ See James Grant Wilson, *The Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck* (New York, 1869).

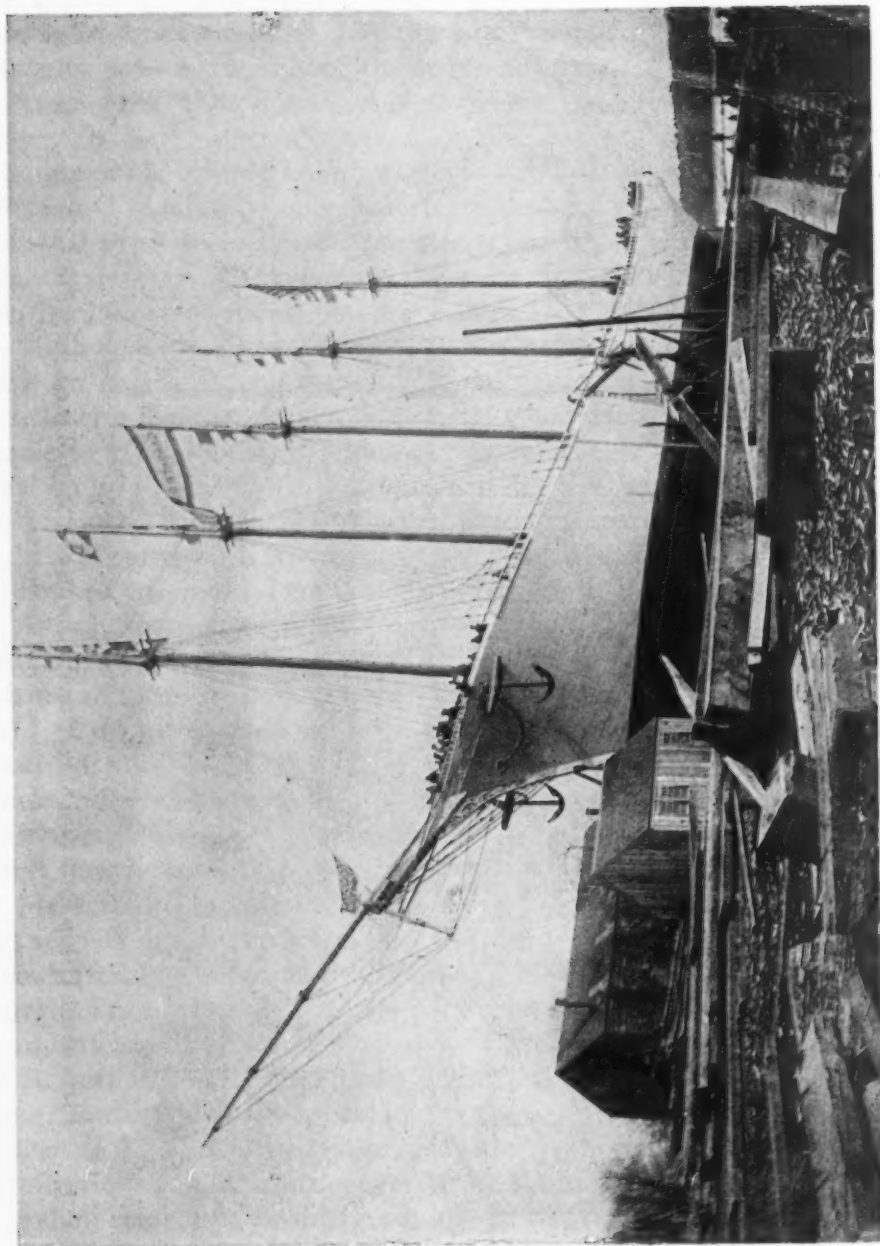
¹⁹ *Ibid.*, 184.

²⁰ Frank Lester Pleadwell, *The Life and Works of Joseph Rodman Drake* (Boston: Merrymount Press, 1935), 70.



Plans of the Orlop Deck and Magazine Platforms of a Ship of the Line, 1818

Webb Institute of Naval Architecture



Five-masted schooner Gardner G. Deering, built at Bath, Maine, 1916, by G. G. Deering and Sons
*The Deering yard was originally the old Chapman and Flint yard. The larger of the two buildings in the background is the
mold loft and joiner shop; the smaller is 'old steam shed'*

*Ohio*²¹ was well forward. Eckford was again working for 'government' as chief constructor in the Brooklyn Navy Yard;²² but he also continued with private work.²³ His principal private activity was the construction of the ocean-going steam vessel *Robert Fulton*,²⁴ which had been ordered by the Ocean Steam Ship Company, recently chartered in New York.²⁵ This vessel, which was subsequently employed between New York and Cuban and Gulf ports, was a full or square-rigged ship of one thousand tons.

Robert Fulton, according to Howe, was an example for the builders of 'sea-steamers' in the 1830's, with their 'vain attempts to obtain speed without a corresponding change in the shape of the model'—and 'the immense loss of life in consequence.'

Eckford had evidently much more liking for classical sail, because, according to Griffiths, 'about this time Mr. Eckford prevailed upon the government for whom he had done so much during the war to build a war vessel in the navy yard . . . Accordingly designs and plans were made and a model projected.' But alas—'after conforming to the whims and fanciful notions of the Board in the model, Mr. Eckford took the responsibility of altering the lines on the floor of the mould loft . . . the building of this ship of the line by a private builder was strongly opposed by the Board . . . It was determined by a member of the Board that she never should go to sea while his influence could prevent it. And well he kept his word.'²⁶

The 74 gun ship of the line *Ohio* was launched on 31 May 1820, and the next day Henry Eckford resigned his commission as naval constructor.

²¹ On 30 May 1816 Commodore John Rodgers, President of the Navy Board, had written Henry Eckford as follows:

The board of Navy Commissioners, desirous of availing themselves of the most approved professional skill of our country, request of you the favor of preparing and transmitting to them a model with a draft of a line of battle ship of the following dimension:

	feet	inches
Length between perpendiculars	193	—
Beam moulded	53	—
Depth of hold	21	6
Height between upper and lower gun decks	7	56
Height between upper and spar decks	7	2

[National Archives, Records of the Department of the Navy, Naval Records Collection of the Office of Naval Records and Library, Miscellaneous Letters sent by Navy Commissioners, volume 1], and on 4 June 1816 Eckford acknowledged receipt of the letter, saying 'I shall attend to your request immediately and transmit it as soon as possible' [ibid., Letters Received from Naval Constructors].

²² *The General Navy Register*, 13 July 1817.

²³ In 1819 we find Eckford's signature on the register of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of the City of New York, founded in 1785 and still going strong!

²⁴ Fulton had died suddenly in 1815. He got a mortal chill, being out for several days in the New York east wind, battling for the river 'monopoly.'

²⁵ David B. Tyler, *Steam Conquers the Atlantic* (New York, 1939), 15, 18.

²⁶ *U. S. Nautical Magazine and Naval Chronicle*, July 1857.

In acknowledging his resignation on 8 June 1820, Commodore John Rodgers wrote:²⁷

The Commissioners of the Navy have received with regret your letter of the 1st announcing your determination to resign the situation of naval constructor, which you filled so much to the public interest and to your individual credit. They should be much gratified if you would name to them the person who in your opinion would be most suitable to succeed you.

Respectfully
John Rodgers, President

P.S. Would Mr. Burgh like the situation? If so would he not answer very well?

After some exchange of letters, Eckford, on 15 June, recommended 'unequivocally' Isaac Webb.²⁸

According to Henry Howe's informant, 'the only genuine draught of the *Ohio* is now owned by Mr. Isaac Webb, one of the most intelligent of his [Eckford's] pupils.' The drawings here illustrated (Plates 22-23) for a 'ship of the line for New York' are preserved in the Webb Institute of Naval Architecture, and have been traditionally connected with *Ohio*, although there is no documentary proof of that connection.²⁹ It would be interesting to find a set of plans marked 'A' to match the 'B' shown on each of the plans here illustrated. However, 'No plans of the *Ohio* have been found in the Navy Department, nor have the National Archives any knowledge of such plans elsewhere.'³⁰

Six years after Eckford's death, *Ohio* was commissioned and sent to the Mediterranean (1838), and 'she proved herself all that Commodore Rodgers (her greatest enemy) subsequently said—"a noble ship."'

To do the Navy justice, our shipbuilder was apt to ruffle the dignity of the quarter-deck. New Yorkers enjoyed the story of Eckford at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Passing the blacksmith's shop, where the Commodore's horses were being shod, he ordered the grooms to remove the animals at once. 'The business of this shop is to repair government vessels, not to shoe Commodores' horses.'³¹

Fortunately Eckford was resilient enough to turn away from his cruel disappointment over *Ohio*. His 'fresh woods and pastures new' turned out to be orders from South America. Associated with Isaac Webb and

²⁷ National Archives, Records of the Department of the Navy, Naval Records Collection of the Office of Naval Records and Library, Miscellaneous Letters Sent by Navy Commissioners, volume 2.

²⁸ Ibid., Letters Received from Naval Constructors.

²⁹ The drawings are on very good paper. One piece is watermarked Ruse & Turners 1810, and the other is Whatman 1814.

³⁰ Letter from Director, War Records Office, National Archives, to Mrs. J. H. Wheelock, 14 February 1947.

³¹ Sheldon, op. cit., 228.

Company, he undertook to build four 64-gun frigates of 2,000 tons each for Brazil, Colombia, Peru and Chile. All four were finished in the incredibly short time of eighteen months. They all had frames of live-oak, and two were built away from New York, at Baltimore and Philadelphia. Shipyards were overwhelmed with work, and wages at this time became tremendously inflated, owing to the shortage of skilled men. Perhaps these fine ships made a better impression abroad than did our pathetic consuls, or a minister without credentials living over a shop!³²

Halleck used to regret having refused 'Mr. Eckford's offer to visit Peru' as super-cargo on the ship ordered by that republic, for when Halleck retired, after many years as J. J. Astor's financial secretary, he was so stingily pensioned that he could never afford to travel.³³

About the rather less fortunate affair of ships ordered by the Greeks, Howe says that Eckford thought 'that agents were taking an unfair advantage' so 'he declined their tempting propositions. . . . All are aware of the disastrous, and (to this country), disgraceful manner in which business terminated.' One of these ships, *Hope*, had to be bought by our government; renamed *Hudson*, she lasted only a short time, owing to the poor materials used in her building.

The opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 brought freight rates down suddenly by sixty per cent, and we were due for the proverbial 'bust.' A number of banks chartered by the State of New Jersey failed in 1826 and with others, Jacob Barker's insurance company began to totter.³⁴ Politics were, of course, mixed up with these financial affairs, and the matter got into court. James G. Bennett, Sr., made the best use he could of the 'freedom of the press,' although stenography was not practiced then and the court forbade the publication of current testimony.

Henry Eckford 'proved to the Court that he had lost, by stock and other advances, to save the sinking credit of the [insurance] company, nearly half a million of dollars' but this was 'considered too disinterested to be credible.' The treatment he got so infuriated Eckford that he sent Mr. Hugh Maxwell a challenge. This is described in the New York *Evening Post* of 19 and 22 December 1827, also in Henry Brevoort's facetious letter to Washington Irving; . . . 'the Disposition to Duelling in New York . . . Yesterday a challenge was sent by Mr. Henry Eckford to Max-

³² J. J. Auchmuty, *The United States Government and Latin American Independence* (London, 1937).

³³ James Grant Wilson, *Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck* (New York, 1869), 476-477.

³⁴ Charles Henry Haswell, *Reminiscences of an Octogenarian of the City of New York (1816 to 1860)* (New York, 1896), 1834, 189. Barker was a very colorful 'company promoter,' as they say in the City of London. He once challenged David Rogers for founding a bank first, and he used to steer his own ships out of harbor.

well (the Dist. Att^y) the cause of which grew out of the late indictment for conspiracy. Maxwell very properly handed the challenge to the police. Whether the Shipbuilder intended to use the Broadaxe or the pistol I know not.³⁵

Eckford's many friends were furious, and Halleck made some rather tasteless attacks on Hugh Maxwell as 'Billingsgate McSwell.' It has been suggested that historical truth is best recorded by coins, statues and inscriptions. A silver urn³⁶ was presented to Eckford by some of the men who had been helped not to lose their whole fortunes in this difficult period. On one side is inscribed 'To Henry Eckford from his fellow citizens,' and the other bears the date 'New York 2nd July 1828.'

In 1828 the Eckfords lost three of their children:³⁷ Henrietta, aged 19, and John died from burns, and in the autumn Sarah Drake died of consumption.

On Jackson's 'accession to the Presidency,' Eckford was asked to send in a plan for reorganizing the navy yards—but it came to nothing. Howe also mentions a proposed work on naval architecture which was never published. Eckford's 'draughts of vessels of almost every class' have disappeared. There is also a tantalizing mention of \$20,000 having been set aside (before the Jacob Barker crash), 'to found a professorship of naval architecture at Columbia College,' and 'the eminent . . . Mr. Doughty . . . had already been corresponded with as the intended first professor.'³⁸

Henry Eckford's last adventure—truly a romantic and inconclusive affair for that methodical craftsman to have undertaken—began in the year

³⁵ G. S. Hellman, ed., *Letters of Henry Brevoort to Washington Irving* (New York, 1916).

³⁶ It is still in the possession of his great-grandchild, Mrs. James Richardson, of Providence, Rhode Island. The urn is nineteen inches high, and from handle to handle it measures fifteen inches. In *New York Evening Post*, 3 July 1828, is an account of a meeting held by numerous citizens at the Broadway House on 2 July 'to unite in a testimony of respect for their injured and esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Henry Eckford' at which laudatory resolutions were passed and the purchase of a service of plate voted. (The urn was a part of this service.) Individual subscriptions were limited to one dollar.

³⁷ In a letter to J. F. DeKay, dated 29 May 1829, Fenimore Cooper writes: 'Will you tell him [Eckford] that I, I may say we, for Mrs. Cooper knew the excellent young man who was in Paris, sincerely enter into his sorrows, and having lost two children ourselves we can have more than an ordinary perception of their severity.' J. F. Cooper, ed., *Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper* (New Haven, 1922), I, 166.

³⁸ There is no mention of this proposed chair in Columbia's records today, but, in this connection James Renwick's proposition to the Navy, made in January 1830, is of interest. He sent Professor McVickar to Washington with it. 'Columbia had a regular course in Pure Mathematics, Science, and regular courses in Astronomy, Chemistry, Natural and Experimental Philosophy, which included gunnery, steam engines and the Form and Structure of ships. It made an offer to the Navy to admit to these lectures, for the annual sum of Six Hundred Dollars (\$600.) all midshipmen who might be in port, and it was willing to provide mathematical instruction for midshipmen up to a total of forty-five, divided into three classes, for \$800. more. For an extra \$600. all officers of the Navy would be admitted to the public lectures and to the regular courses. Columbia offered to put up an observatory and to appoint an astronomical observer for \$1500.; his services to be open to naval officers.' Information from unpublished Columbia College Papers, by courtesy of Mr. Roger Howson.

1831. In the United States of 1947 it is all too easy to forget that there ever was a time when our nation had to hustle to find a market for its young industries. But so it was. A treaty with Turkey had long been desired and a commissioner was sent to President Washington by our Mr. King, in London, to get instructions on this subject. He was, however, captured by the French. After many later attempts, a Mr. Charles Rhind of New York succeeded in obtaining a treaty in 1830, by staying through the discomforts and hot weather of the Turkish Holy Festival, the Ramadan.³⁹

We nearly lost this treaty of 7 May 1830 by selling the 'four elegant Arabian horses' given as an official present to our country. Attached to the treaty was a separate and secret article which contained a provision for the Sublime Porte to have naval vessels constructed in the United States at the same price as ordinary ships of war of the United States. The Senate objected to this secret article for various conflicting reasons and refused to sign it.⁴⁰

Commodore David Porter was sent out at this time as Chargé d'Affaires, not as Minister, arriving in Constantinople in the summer of 1831. Senatorial economy placed him at a disadvantage among the 'diplomates.'^{40a} The 'agents' of other countries were unfriendly, with the exception of the powerful Count Orloff, Russia's envoy to the Porte. But the Commodore won by using Navy charm and tactics. He apparently sug-

³⁹ An American [James E. DeKay], *Sketches of Turkey in 1831 and 1832* (New York, 1833), 291 ff. France had obtained a treaty with the Sublime Porte after long delays in 1542, and England only succeeded in getting one fifty years later under Queen Elizabeth.

⁴⁰ Hunter Miller, ed., *Treaties and other International Acts of the United States of America* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1933), III, 541-598, gives full texts of the treaty and a summary of the negotiations concerning it.

^{40a} A dispatch from Sir Robert Gordon, H. M. Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, dated 26 August 1831 (Public Record Office, London, volume 199, Foreign Office Letters, Turkey), states: 'A strong disinclination has been evinced at the Porte to recognize Mr. Porter as Chargé d'affaires, considering that upon the first establishment of relations betwixt the two governments, it is due to the dignity of the Porte to send a person with the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary to exchange the ratifications. It is probable, however, that owing to the time required to refer this question to the Government of the United States, the Porte will be prevailed upon at once to recognize the American Chargé d'affaires.' On 10 September 1831 Henry Mandeville, Minister Plenipotentiary, writes to Lord Palmerston (volume 200, Foreign Office Letters, Turkey): 'The disinclination on the part of the Turkish Government to receive Commodore Porter as a Diplomatic Agent from the United States has given way, and I am informed that he will deliver the President's letter to the Reis Effendi in the beginning of the ensuing week.' On 11 October 1831 Mandeville further informs Lord Palmerston (volume 200, Foreign Office Letters, Turkey): 'The exchange of the ratifications of the Treaty between the Porte and the United States of America took place on the 5th instant at the country residence of the Reis Effendi in the neighborhood of Constantinople. The Reis Effendi and Commodore Porter the Plenipotentiaries upon the occasion. . . . The Treaty contains nine Articles of which I am enabled to give the heads, from the perusal of it having been confidentially [underlined in pencil] given to me by Commodore Porter. He intends for the present to confine the communication of its contents to the Consuls and Vice Consuls of this nation. . . . The Secret Article which existed when the Treaty was first framed, granting permission to the Ottoman Government to build Ships of war in the United States, even in time of war between Russia and the Porte has been given up by the Sultan as impractical and contrary to the rights of Nations.'

gested another method of getting American shipbuilding for the Turkish Navy. This method involved Henry Eckford, as will be seen from certain dispatches of the Department of State, now in the National Archives. Commodore Porter was appointed Chargé d'Affaires on 15 April 1831,⁴¹ and on the 16th Charles Rhind wrote from New York to the Secretary of State, Martin Van Buren,⁴² saying that as Mr. Eckford, who was going to Washington 'on private business . . . has some idea of taking his corvette to Constantinople' it would be a sound idea to make an arrangement with him to carry out the persons charged with the ratification of the Turkish treaty. Although this was not done,⁴³ Eckford seems to have completed his 'private business' satisfactorily, for on 22 April 1831, the Secretary of State⁴⁴ instructed Commodore Porter as follows:

Department of State
Washington April 22^d 1831

David Porter, Esquire

Appointed Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to Constantinople

Sir,

Mr. Henry Eckford, an eminent naval architect of New York, addressed a letter to the President on the 19th of this month, stating that he had lately constructed a fast sailing ship at that Port, with which he proposed proceeding to Europe for the purpose of exhibiting her as a specimen of American Naval architecture, and disposing of her as a legitimate article of mercantile adventure; that it was his intention to make such arrangements as he might find practicable for extending that useful branch of the manufacturing industry of this country; that on clearing out this vessel upon the contemplated voyage he should conform strictly to the laws of the United States, and that in the disposition which he might eventually and ultimately make of her, he should be governed by the same consideration. Upon these grounds, and on that of his having been heretofore extensively employed as a Naval Architect of the United States, in which service he had reason to believe he had rendered satisfaction to this Government, he requested the President to favor him with some document which might serve to recommend him and his objects abroad, by the favorable opinion which the President might express concerning him.

The President, in his individual capacity, has accordingly written a letter to him in reply, stating, that from the reputation which he sustains in this country, he had no doubt of his being a naval architect of great skill and enterprise, and that he would count with confidence upon a faithful performance of any engagement in the line of his profession, into which he might think proper to enter.

As it is possible that Mr. Eckford may visit Constantinople before his return to the United States with a view to the accomplishment of one or both of the objects of his

⁴¹ Miller, *op. cit.*, 583.

⁴² National Archives, General Records of the Department of State, Diplomatic Dispatches, Turkey, volume 1, part 2.

⁴³ Miller, *op. cit.*, 584-585, states that William B. Hodgson, who had a full power to exchange the ratifications, sailed in late April in U.S.S. *John Adams*.

⁴⁴ National Archives, General Records of the Department of State, Diplomatic Instructions, Turkey, volume 1.

voyage, and the political situation of the world may be altered before that time, as to render questionable acts on his part, which in the present state of things would be perfectly allowable, it is the wish of the President, that, in such case, the proceedings there may be observed by you, and that if you discover any attempt on his part growing out of misconception or misapprehension, which may be calculated in the smallest degree to give just umbrage in any quarter, or to occasion the smallest distrust of the sincerity of this Government, in its determined purpose to fulfill with perfect fidelity and exactitude all its neutral obligations, you discourage and repress such attempt.

If circumstances, in reference to the character or interest of the United States, should in your judgment require it, you will take care to let it be understood by the Government of the Porte, and the foreign agents residing at Constantinople, that this is exclusively and entirely a private and individual enterprise of Mr. Eckford himself, in which this Government has no concern whatever, and with which it is in no way connected.

I am &c

M. Van Buren

Eckford left New York about 5 June 1831 in the fast sailing, newly-built corvette *United States* (of 26 guns, 1000 tons).⁴⁵ She had a motley crew; although wages of two dollars a day, reckoned from the date of sailing, were offered. Wives and sweethearts wept and entreated on the wharf, begging their men to stay at home. Turkey must have seemed a dangerous country in those days. One of the crew, named Russell, on his return rejoined the shipyards' volunteer fire-engine company. It was called 'Live Oak 44 Engine' but rechristened 'Old Turk 44'; owing to the fact that Russell, dressed as a Turk with mustachios and a fez, made a great sensation in New York's East side streets.⁴⁶ After Gibraltar the American corvette had to contend with head winds. She raced any English ships she met and at last, we hear: '*United States ship John Adams, Dardanelles, August 4, 1831 . . . My Dear . . . I yesterday had the very great pleasure of receiving your letter of the 4th of June by the hands of Mr. Henry Eckford whose beautiful ship now lies about one-hundred yards astern of us, where she anchored last evening.*'⁴⁷

Eckford had brought Dr. James Ellsworth DeKay with him as his private physician and ship's surgeon. The skipper was George Coleman DeKay,⁴⁸ a younger brother of James, who had delivered Eckford's ships to

⁴⁵ There is a mention of Mr. Eckford's rather 'hush-hush' departure from New York in a letter of George DeKay's published in *THE AMERICAN NEPTUNE*, VI (1946), 84-85.

⁴⁶ See *The New Yorker*, 1 March 1930.

⁴⁷ An American [Commodore David Porter], *Constantinople and its environs* (New York, 1835), I, 13.

⁴⁸ For George DeKay's earlier career, see Phyllis DeKay Wheelock, 'An American Commodore in the Argentine Navy,' *THE AMERICAN NEPTUNE*, VI (1946), 5-18. According to Fitz-Greene Halleck, *Outline of the Life of George C. DeKay* (New York: 1847), 'the Greek war having terminated, the Porte was fighting Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, and the command of a division of the

Colombia and Brazil a few years before. We seem again to hear Eckford's opinions in his son-in-law DeKay's *Sketches of Turkey*⁴⁹ whenever he discusses ships and their construction. As the party of freedom-loving Americans, while skirting the coast of Greece, put into the Bay of Egina, near Poros, they saw 'the lofty frigate which we had no difficulty in recognizing as the *Hellas*.⁵⁰ . . . While admiring the beauty of her form and the symmetrical elegance of her masts, we could not anticipate that a few brief days would terminate her career.'⁵¹ She was blown up by her own commander, Miaoulis,⁵² rather than have her fall into the hands of the Russians.

Eckford's party visited the Sultan's Navy Yard, where they saw the ship of the line *Mahmoud*, 'the largest ship in the world, not even excepting our *Pennsylvania* ship of the line.' We get professional criticisms: 'dry rot in her already' and 'immense sums have been idly expended on each of these marine monsters which can serve no other purpose than to make a national raree-show.' Even the comparative measures of these 'monsters,' *Mahmoud* and *Pennsylvania*, are given.⁵³

Here in the dock-yard they saw the galley slaves of whom Byron had written, and the Sultan's favorite, Halil Rifaat, the Capudan Pacha, Admiral of the fleet, originally a Georgian slave. He showed the greatest courtesy to the American party, and later gave them a marvelous 'western'

Ottoman fleet, with the *Sulimeyah*, of one hundred and forty guns, for his flagship, was tendered to him [DeKay] and declined. He bought a yacht at Smyrna, and sailed down the Archipelago to the coast of Syria, and thence went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Returning from the Holy Land he found his friend and relative Henry Eckford sick at Constantinople.'

⁴⁹ See, for example, *Sketches of Turkey*, 24-26. Eckford's vessel has been boarded in the Aegean Sea by the United States frigate *Constellation*. 'Our new acquaintances spoke highly of the sailing properties of their vessel—a subject upon which every thorough seamen loves to descant. . . . Her commander was polite enough to accede to our wish of testing her speed with our vessel, and upon signal we both made sail. . . . A short half-hour proved our superiority. At the commencement we were lying abreast of her, and to leeward, but had already got her into our wake, and the distance between us was fast increasing. This is not the only occasion upon which I have seen our national vessels beaten by our own merchantmen, and confirms the general impression, that in military naval architecture our progress has been slow, if not retrograde, since the year 1798. It is, we believe, conceded, that with regard to speed, none of our modern war vessels equal those built at that period, and are confessedly behind those now built in our merchant dock-yards. This will, in all probability, continue to be the case as long as the naval constructors are directed and overruled by those who must necessarily be unacquainted with the first principles of naval architecture, and their duties confined within the narrow limits assigned to the foreman of a yard.' In the last sentence in particular, DeKay (as a dutiful son-in-law) seems to be fighting Eckford's battles.

⁵⁰ Built by Christian Bergh of New York. Bergh first allowed colored men to work in his yard; and he was so anxious about his own financial probity that he insisted on paying the doctor who attended his death-bed!

⁵¹ *Sketches of Turkey*, 32.

⁵² Admiral André-Vokos Miaoulis daringly fired Ibrahim Pacha's fleet in 1825, quarrelled with Lord Cochrane and retired 1827. Burnt his own ships at Poros 13 August 1831 rather than let them fall into the hands of the blockading Russians. He opposed Capo d'Istria and has remained a hero of the Greek War of Independence.

⁵³ *Sketches of Turkey*, 312-313. Porter's *Letters from Constantinople*, I, 117-118, also describes *Mahmoud*.

dinner at his palace on the Bosphorus. But what naturally attracted their attention in this visit were the two government steamboats, commanded by 'a clever Scotchman, Captain Kellie, who is in the Turkish service, and has adopted the Turkish fez, mustachios, and petticoat trousers.' The Sultan's steamboat was 'originally a Scotch smack . . . which cost the government in this rough state \$50,000.' There was excellent accommodation for the skipper, and the Sultan had 'a small but superb cabin floored with Wilton carpet, two beds covered with the most costly silk and satin, divan, marble water-closets à la Turque, etc. etc. . . . The engines of both vessels were very old and interesting specimens of the infancy of the art. . . . The utmost speed of the vessels is about 6 knots an hour.'⁵⁴

They went everywhere and were welcomed and courteously treated by the Turks. A British frigate, *Acteon*, was anchored in the Bosphorus, and Henry Eckford's party, not being allowed on board her, found it 'rather whimsical that the only two places in Turkey hitherto inaccessible to us should be the seraglio and an English man-of-war.' An unkind comment follows: 'she belonged to the class popularly known as jackass frigates.'⁵⁵

They were also, however, hailed when abreast of Lampsaki, on a sailing holiday, by the captain of a small English schooner from London, who had a great store of sea jokes and an enormous pride in 'his own darling schooner, the *Vestal*. "She was built," said he, "after one of your Yankee clippers, but can best them all; she is a sweet" (giving her an epithet which by no means accorded with her name) "and can sail two feet to one with any ship in the Royal Navy."' Eckford (it must have been) discusses this type; 'there are now about thirty of them.' It is admitted that 'the cabin is an improvement upon that of our vessels; but their model or rig presents nothing worthy of imitation.'⁵⁶

Though James DeKay's book is full of the sightseeing activities of the party, it is rather from Commodore Porter's diplomatic dispatches to the Department of State that one finds the details of the progress of Henry Eckford's business. The arrival of Eckford's vessel had raised false hopes in Ottoman hearts, for she was assumed by the authorities of the Sublime Porte to be a present from the United States government. On 17 August 1831, the Commodore forwarded to the Secretary of State⁵⁷ copies of letters exchanged between Mr. Nicholas Navoni, Dragoman of the United States and the Private Secretary of the Reis Effendi and the Dragoman of

⁵⁴ *Sketches of Turkey*, 314.

⁵⁵ *Ibid.*, 118.

⁵⁶ *Ibid.*, 461.

⁵⁷ National Archives, General Records of the Department of State, Diplomatic Dispatches, Turkey, volume 2, number 11.

the Sublime Porte upon this subject. This misunderstanding was eventually cleared up, and by the following spring Henry Eckford had sold his vessel to the Sultan.

To The Honorable Edward Livingston
Secretary of State

Constantinople April 12th 1832

Sir,

I have the honour to inform you, that two days ago, Mr. Eckford disposed of his ship to the Sultan, at the price I understand of \$150,000, and she has since been numbered with the Fleet that is to proceed against the Vice Roy of Egypt. In this affair I have the pleasure of stating that Mr. Eckford has acted entirely to my satisfaction.

With great respect
Your Obedient Servant
David Porter⁵⁸

The sale of the ship was soon followed by local building by Henry Eckford, for on 21 July 1832 Porter writes home from Kadi Kieuy:

Mr. Eckford was advised to build a dispatch boat which was to beat everything on the Bosphorus in sailing. When she was finished I went on board of her at her first trial, and we beat up to the truly magnificent new palace of Beler-beg, just finished, and the present residence of the Sultan. He was apparently much pleased with her working and sailing, and from his window directed Mr. Eckford to make two or three tacks, which was done; after which, he directed the vessel to come to the quay in front of the Golden Gate of the palace. . . . The Sultan came to the distance of about three paces from the vessel, when he stopped, and assuming all the majesty of the sovereign of a great empire, he cast his eyes around among us, and immediately asked who I was? They told him. He then inquired who my *nephew* was, and on being informed called Mr. Eckford to him, and gave him a snuff-box set with diamonds. I landed with my *nephew*, and walked to a little distance, when every person on board, down to the very lowest, was called on shore, and each in turn, received a present in money.⁵⁹

The Commodore describes the entourage as being about as much at ease in the Sultan's presence as he himself used to be in his junior days, when 'I was made to feel the contumely and oppression of a proud and tyrannical, though gallant, naval commander.'

In the autumn a more important commission is mentioned in Commodore Porter's dispatch number 77 of October 1832 to the Secretary of State.

⁵⁸ National Archives, General Records of the Department of State, Diplomatic Dispatches, Turkey, volume 2, number 47. Public Record Office, London, Admiralty Records, enclosure of Sir Henry Hotham's letter to Lord Palmerston (no. 114) of 5 June 1832, containing extracts from reports of Captain Pigot of H.M.S. *Barham* to Vice Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, mentions 'the purchased American corvette' as among the ships at anchor off the Sultan's Palace on 12 May 1832.

⁵⁹ *Constantinople and its environs*, II, 7-8. 'Nephew' in this case was evidently the Turkish for younger friend.

I have the pleasure to inform you that Mr. Henry Eckford is now engaged in the construction of one line of battle ship for the Sultan, and will soon commence a first rate. Mr. Eckford is a great favorite with His Highness, and with the Seraskier Pacha, of which he has received many substantial proofs, and has, by his utility, done much toward producing the good understanding which so happily exists between the two Governments.⁶⁰

The first impressions made by Turkey on these American visitors were a mingling of pleasure and exasperation. The leisured, even lazy, life, the beautiful flowers and women, the soft airs (even in the latitude of New York), the polite well-bred people, the lively Greeks and the wily Armenians had charm. Even the dangers—fire, plague, cholera and the looming war with Egypt—had a fascination of their own. The polite Turks never talked politics, scandal, religion, or about women. They used proverbs a great deal as conversational gambits, and our Americans collected these. One which ran 'Death is a black camel which kneels at every door'⁶¹ had a greater appropriateness than the Americans realized, for Henry Eckford died suddenly on 12 November 1832, after a violent attack of what was called 'inflammation of the bowels.'⁶² It was probably cholera, although George DeKay thought it might have been poison. He remained at the bedside, nursing Eckford until his death, and brought home the body and his effects. Apparently he quarreled with Commodore Porter about Eckford's money affairs,⁶³ but he had not been captain of a privateer vessel for nothing. Eckford's body was preserved in spirits of wine and taken back in the bark *Henry Eckford*.⁶⁴

Although Henry Eckford died inopportunistly, Commodore Porter saw to it that American shipbuilders took good advantage of the favorable situation that his presence in Turkey had created.

⁶⁰ National Archives, General Records of the Department of State, Diplomatic Dispatches, Turkey, volume 2, number 77. A magnificent Chinese Lowestoft punch bowl and pair of flagons, presented to Eckford by the Sultan (now owned by Mrs. James Richardson of Providence) were reproduced as figures 15 and 16 by Homer Eaton Keyes, 'American Ship Lowestoft,' *Antiques*, XIX (1931), 441-446.

⁶¹ *Sketches of Turkey*, 328.

⁶² National Archives, General Records of the Department of State, Diplomatic Dispatches, Turkey, volume 2, number 8, dated 18 November 1832, communicates to the Department of State advice of the death of Mr. Henry Eckford, and states that Commodore Porter has undertaken to close Mr. Eckford's affairs. Diplomatic Dispatches, Turkey, volume 3, number 130 [9 August 1833, Commodore Porter to Secretary of State Louis McLane], volume 4, number 221 [1 July 1834, Commodore Porter to Secretary of State Louis McLane], and volume 6 [8 May 1833, William B. Hodgson to Secretary of State Edward Livingston] concern Porter's connection with Eckford's estate.

⁶³ See *THE AMERICAN NEPTUNE*, VI (1946), 84, note 2.

⁶⁴ A letter of 6 December 1832 from Commodore Porter to Eckford's son, owned by Mrs. John Hall Wheelock of New York City, says that 'Commodore DeKay has reported the ship as loaded . . . the Captain has his sailing orders . . . the principal thing to be done is to embark the remains of your father which had better be done today or tomorrow morning, after which the sailing of the ship will depend on the wind.'

The Honorable Edward Livingston
Secretary of State

Constantinople December 16th 1832

Sir,

It gives me satisfaction to inform you that after the Death of Mr. Eckford, there was but a few days interruption in the building of the ship which had been placed by him on the stocks for the Grand Senior.

By a little management I have been able to give the impulse to the affair which has induced His Highness to continue the construction under American superintendence and on the most liberal terms. The foreman of Mr. Eckford, under my personal council and advice, conducts the work; he has fifteen Americans with him who receive each two Dollars per day, and all their expenses paid, the money deposited in his hands two weeks in advance. Besides this the sum of 150 dollars for each man has been placed subject to my order, to pay their passage home, whenever they shall have completed their engagement with the Sultan, which will be in the Spring.

A Frame of live oak for a Line of Battle Ship is now on the way to Constantinople from New York and will undoubtedly be got up so soon as the Ship now on the stocks is completed. The men are so well contented that there is scarcely a doubt they will enter into a new engagement to build this last Ship. The rest of the workmen are Greeks, Turks, and Italians, amounting to about 600. Their pay is generally less than 50 cents per day.

The affairs of Mr. Eckford will be wound up entirely satisfactorily. I have already remitted to his family property to the amount of \$70,000 which I have received from the Porte, and shall have more to remit soon.

The Sultan, under whose personal superintendence this affair is conducted, manifests the most liberal disposition.

I have the honor to be

Your very obedient servant
David Porter

P. S. When I speak of the 600 Greeks, Turks and Italians employed, I mean those only under the orders of the Americans. The numbers of men employed altogether in the Navy Yard amount to four or five thousand. The American part of the establishment, entirely under American control and American regulations, and over which the Turks exercise no authority, occupies a space as large as the Navy Yard at Washington, with work shops, mould lofts, forges, etc., etc., nearly all put up since we have been here.

It may seem extraordinary, but it does not appear that any of the Diplomats here have any idea that there is any thing like American influence in operation among the elements of the Marine of this country, and in the way it is managed they can never be certain that I have any thing to do with it.

D. P.⁶⁵

⁶⁵ National Archives, General Records of the Department of State, Diplomatic Dispatches, Turkey, volume 2, number 84.

At home in the United States, the children of Janet Drake often heard stories about her kind grandfather and his sad death so far away from his wife and family. Katharine Coleman,⁶⁶ her eldest child, remembered her father, George DeKay, describing their voyage across 'long wastes of sea,' and how the Sultan had said 'America must be a great nation if it can afford to lose such men as Henry Eckford.'⁶⁷

Kate was taken in every day, 'when staying at my uncle's house on Long Island, to see my *great*-grandmama, his widow . . . She was always dressed in the same fashion and they told me she had never changed the fashion of her gown since her husband died . . . My uncle told me she had been very pretty in her youth, and I remember silently wondering if she had always been the same size. I wondered how she could always sit in the same place and why the frill of her cap was never tumbled and how often that spotless muslin kerchief had to be changed. Every hour, as I judged by the condition of my pinafore and sunbonnets.'⁶⁸

Mrs. Eckford died in 1840, when this observant child was six years old, and she is buried near her husband in the churchyard of St. George's, Hempstead, Long Island.

For his descendants, the family virtues of Henry Eckford are recalled by the lines of Robert Burns:

To make a hearthside and a hame
For bairns and wife
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

Or would he perhaps have liked to be remembered by those who care for the art of shipbuilding, and as 'a genuine mechanic'?

⁶⁶ Katharine Coleman DeKay, later Mrs. Arthur Bronson (1834-1901) of Newport, Rhode Island, and Venice. 'Casa Alvisi' in Henry James' *Italian Hours* describes Mrs. Bronson, and the dedication preface of *Asolando* by Robert Browning recalls their friendship and devotion to Asolo.

⁶⁷ K. C. Bronson, *Memories of My First Decade, for Edith*, unpublished manuscript, 1890, owned by Contessa Edith Rucellai, widow of Capitano di Fregata Cosimo Rucellai, R.N. (1864-1930).

⁶⁸ Ibid. The 'uncle' is Dr. James E. DeKay of The Locusts, Oyster Bay, Long Island.



The Old Steam Shed

BY HAROLD C. ROBERTS

HOT Plank! Hang Her Up!

Those who have been around a wooden shipyard while a ship was being planked up soon became familiar with these cries coming from the boss of a planking gang.

The long yellow pine planks had been lined up, trimmed for width and length, outgauged for the spaces in which to drive oakum, and planed smooth by the carpenters, then left to await their turn to be put on the ship's hull.

Many of the planks that were to be fitted along the flat sides and bottom of the hull could be taken to the ship and readily fastened in place; but when it came to fitting those near the bow and the stern where the hull lines had considerable curvature they could not be sprung to the vessel's form without applying unusual force with the likelihood of splintering or rupturing the planks. So these had to be limbered up, and this was done by thoroughly steaming them.

This process was performed in a steam box, a rectangular box about four feet square and thirty feet long, built of thick planks. The box was mounted horizontally on wooden blocks about three feet above the ground level. One end was closed in and the other end was open so the planking could be pushed into it. Heavy iron rods were driven through it transversely a foot or so above the inside of the bottom. On these rested the hull planking when the pieces were being steamed.

The box lay along side of the steam shed, a roughly built wooden building about twenty feet square with a shingled gable roof. The shed was never painted and always presented a very weather-beaten appearance. The only opening was a door on the lee side which was closed sometimes by a door made of boards with a hooked latch for securing it. In this shed was mounted an old vertical donkey boiler which usually had seen better days in some other service and was no longer able to withstand but a few

pounds pressure. The boiler's smokestack projected ten feet or so above the roof of the shed and was capped with a makeshift spark arrester. There was a well near the shed from which water was pumped to the boiler by a hand force pump. A steam pipe led from the boiler to the near side of the steam box and the flow of steam was controlled by a globe stop valve.

With the boiler filled and a hot fire of wood chips, timber, frame and plank trimmings in the firebox, pressure soon began to show on the gauge. In the meantime several of the long yellow pine planks had been pushed into the steam box and its open end plugged with armfuls of shavings then covered with several gunny sacks. With some pressure showing on the gauge the valve was opened, the hot steam let into the box and the pressure kept up by constant firing. The steam could be seen escaping from the seams of the box, and through the shavings and sacking: the planks were being steamed.

The length of time the steaming was kept up was a matter of judgment on the part of the boss plinker who took into account the coolness of the weather and the amount of bending that the particular planks would undergo when they were sprung into place on the hull.

When the planks were 'done' the boss plinker gave his cry of 'Hot plank! Hang her up!' The plank, giving off hot steamy odors of pitch pine tinged with turpentine, one of the more pleasing of the many odors about a wooden shipyard, was dragged out of the box. Then eight men of a planking gang would come to the box and placing thick pads on their shoulders would lift the plank up onto them and walk off with it to the nearby ship, up the long sloping gangway, along the staging and shoulder it into the position for which it had been fashioned. Heavy iron clamps attached to the frames would be set up drawing the hot plank against the frames, springing it to the ship's lines.

Once in position the fasteners would take over and bore holes through the plank into the oak or hackmatack frames, two at each crossing and at the ends. Hackmatack trunnels (treenails) would be driven into the holes with a top maul till they brought up, then the square ends would be sawed off about one quarter of an inch full. These full ends were split with a chisel, small oak wedges were driven into them as far as possible and all the projecting material was cut off flush with the surface of the plank. The wedge expanded the end of the trunnel and provided a head so that the plank was held very firmly in place. The holding power of a trunnel as fitted is something to marvel at. Planks never spring off the frames during the long life of wooden ships, and you could see hulks and

wrecks that had been lying around the shores for decades with their planking just as it was the day it was fastened in place.

The old steam shed was a great attraction for the boys visiting around the shipyard to watch the many interesting operations that were performed in building a wooden ship. (Plate 24)

The man that ran the steam shed was called the 'engineer' for he operated about the only piece of machinery there was in the yard and was looked upon as an important individual. He would let the boys fire up the boiler by hurling blocks of wood into the firebox and slam the door with a big bang.

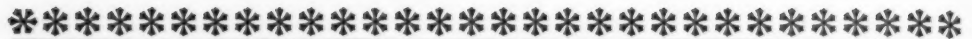
There were two other quite important functions attached to the operation of the steam shed.

Nearly all the workmen brought their dinners in the then familiar 'two story' tin dinner pails with the little half pint tin dipper sitting upside-down on the circular flange on top of the pail. The 'lower story' of the pail was filled with coffee and the 'upper story' with the dinner. It was carried to the shipyard in the morning and left at the steam shed. About an hour before noon the engineer would set the pails on the boiler or in the steam box so that their contents would be thoroughly heated. At noontime the men would come to the shed to get their pails, find a comfortable place to sit and open up their pails. It would make any hungry man's mouth water to watch what came out of those pails. No dainty sandwiches of baker's bread with a few little crackers or cakes, but four or five full-sliced sandwiches made of 'raise bread' well buttered, with slices of well-cooked meat between them, several hunks of gingerbread or plain cake, some sugar or molasses cookies and at least one piece of mince or apple pie. These, washed down with nearly a quart of hot coffee, would carry a man through the long afternoon while engaged in hewing timber, lugging plank, fastening-up, driving oakum, rigging, or salting.

The other function of the steam shed was the whistle on the boiler. The engineer had to get over to the shipyard early and get steam up so he could blow a loud blast at time to turn to. It was blown again at the beginning and end of the nooning and at knocking-off time. These four whistles were the community time signals for there were no telephones or radios, and all clocks and watches were kept set by the whistles.

In driving along the shore roads in Maine today you will sometimes see an old rusty boiler lying on its side down by the shore, and if you ask some of the folks who live nearby how it came to be there you will be told 'That is where so-and-so's shipyard used to be.' The old donkey boiler

from the steam shed is now the monument to a shipyard from whence came ships that carried the 'clouds of canvas' on their voyages around Good Hope and the Horn under command of the Murphys, Pennells, Blanchards, Colcords and many others.



New Hampshire's Part in the Penobscot Expedition

BY KENNETH SCOTT

LORD GEORGE GERMAIN on 2 September 1778 wrote to Sir Henry Clinton a letter in which he gave directions for the occupation of the peninsula of Majabagaduce, now called Castine, on Penobscot Bay.¹ If successful, the enterprise assured a new province as a home for loyalists and an advantageous springboard for military or naval operations against New England.

Brigadier General Francis McLean, who was to have charge of the British expeditionary force, in May 1779 began preparations to effect a settlement at Penobscot.² Captain Henry Mowatt was commander of the fleet, and on 17 June 1779 his ships put into Penobscot Bay. There McLean landed on the peninsula as planned with about seven hundred soldiers, detachments from the 74th and 82nd regiments.³

Before the end of the month news about Penobscot reached the authorities of Massachusetts, who promptly decided to dislodge the British forces from their newly acquired base. On 29 June the Council appointed Artemus Ward and Francis Dana, with such as the House should select, to be a committee 'to take into consideration the Expediency of acquainting the State of New Hampshire with the Information . . . received respecting the Enemy's landing at Penobscot and the measures this State are taking to expel said Enemy and that they may cooperate in the Expedition if they should think proper.'⁴

On the same day a letter was written to Governor Meshech Weare of New Hampshire. It informed him of the British landing and of the measures and resolutions taken by the General Assembly and requested that the latter be laid before the General Assembly of New Hampshire

¹ 'Correspondence Pertaining to Penobscot,' *Collections of the Maine Historical Society*, Series III, II (1906), 239.

² *Ibid.*, 226.

³ Cf. the journal of the Tory, Dr. John Calef of Ipswich, Massachusetts, who acted as surgeon and chaplain under McLean, in the *Magazine of History*, Extra Number 11 (1910), 303.

⁴ Massachusetts Archives (These documents, unpublished, are in the Archives Division, Department of the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in Boston) CCI, 126a.

that they might 'afford such assistance as they may judge seasonable.'⁵

The Massachusetts Council on 30 June instructed one Joseph Simpson to deliver their message to Weare, who received him on 1 July and informed him that the New Hampshire Committee of Safety 'had meet the day before and came to a Resolution to fix up the Ship *Hamden* of Twenty four Guns, which would be ready for Sea, in about five days, and that the said Committee of Safety was to meet again the next day for further consideration.'⁶

The New Hampshire Committee of Safety had, indeed, anticipated the desires of the sister state, for in its session of 30 June 'upon reading and considering a Petition from a respectable number of the Inhabitants of the town of Portsmouth and the personal applycation of the Reverend John Murray, from Booth bay, purporting their Distrest Situation for want of Sufficient Naval force to Dislodge the Enemy at Ponobscot, whereupon, Voted, that the Ship *Hampden*, belonging to John Langdon, Esquire, & others to be Equipt with all possible Expedition to Joyn with those at Boston for the reduction of our Enemies at Ponobscot.'⁷

The Committee, meeting at Exeter, wrote to John Langdon on the same day. 'We Recommend,' ran their message, 'that the ship *Hampden* be taken into the Service of this State and immediately Equipt and fitted for the purpose of assisting in the said expedition Provided it can be Done seasonably, and as in case of Loss or Disaster it will be necessary that the value of the ship should be ascertained, we appoint Colonel Supply Clap & Captain George Wentworth with two others to be by you nominated, apprizers of the said ship. . . .'⁸

A share, at least, in the privateer *Hampden* was owned by John Langdon, for on 9 April 1779 he had paid to Samuel Cutts five hundred pounds lawful money for one sixteenth part of the brig, Thomas Rouck, master, with its cargo, provisions, etc., which was then on a voyage to the West Indies.⁹

On the voyage in question *Hampden* had evidently been commanded by Captain Pickering, for when the brig arrived in Portsmouth about the middle of April the following account of her trip appeared in a newspaper:

⁵ Massachusetts Archives, CCI, 126.

⁶ Report of Joseph Simpson in Massachusetts Archives, CLIII, 245.

⁷ 'Records of Committee of Safety,' *Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society*, VII (1863), 192.

⁸ Weare Papers, VI, 98. These documents, now in the New Hampshire Historical Society, Concord, New Hampshire, are here cited with the kind permission of Elmer Munson Hunt, Esq., the director of the society.

⁹ Langdon Papers, 63 (in the New Hampshire Historical Society).

She has taken four prizes, which have since arrived in France. In her cruize she fell in with and engaged a large East India ship, mounting 36 carriage guns, and a large complement of men. The engagement continued, without intermission seven glasses most of the time within pistol shot of each other, and the *Hampden* was near carrying her when they received a broadside from the Indiaman which killed the brave Captain Pickering one of his principal officers, and three men. It is said the arm of the officer that was taken off by a cannon ball struck the Captain with such force as to be the occasion of his death. Many men were seen to fall on board the India ship, and appeared to be much damaged in their sails and rigging.¹⁰

Such was the craft which on 3 July 1779 the Committee of Safety in Exeter instructed the Board of War at Portsmouth to take and equip within eight days for the Penobscot expedition, provided it seemed that there were men enough available to proceed to sea in her by that time. Otherwise the Board of War was not to enter into the business at all.¹¹

It was not until 6 July that Governor Weare acknowledged the receipt of President Powell's letter. Weare then informed him that the Committee of Safety, during the recess of the General Court, had agreed to fit out *Hampden*, of 22 guns, which should be ready to sail in three or four days. 'Should,' he concluded, 'be glad to hear by the return of the Post, when your fleet are to Sail, or any other intelligence you may think proper to communicate.'¹²

The New Hampshire Committee of Safety on 8 July appointed and commissioned Titus Salter of Portsmouth as commander of *Hampden*, Daniel Lang and Joshua Stackpole as lieutenants and one Curtice as sailing master.¹³ The following day the Committee ordered the naval officer to permit *Hampden* to clear and put to sea to join the fleet from Massachusetts. At the same time it made out orders for Captain Salter.¹⁴

On 9 July Weare sent orders to Captain Salter to 'take advantage of the first fair wind, and proceed from the port of Piscataqua with all diligint speed, and join the Fleet, fitted out by the State of Massachusetts Bay, to act in conjunction with them, for the aforesaid expedition.' 'You are,' wrote Weare, 'to put your self under the Command, of the Commodore of said Fleet, and follow the orders and Regulations of said Fleet, and when Regularly discharged from further service, you are to Return im-

¹⁰ *The Independent Chronicle* (Boston), 22 April 1779, 3.

¹¹ Weare Papers, VI, 103; *New Hampshire State Papers*, XVII, 336; 'Records of Committee of Safety,' *Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society*, VII, 193.

¹² Massachusetts Archives, CLIII, 244. The letter was received by Powell at three P.M., 9 July; cf. a copy in Massachusetts Archives, LVII, 298.

¹³ 'Records of Committee of Safety,' *Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society*, VII, 194.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, 194.

mediately to this port. We wish you and crew, Health happiness and Victory.'¹⁵

Weare's letter of 6 July did not reach Powell till the afternoon of the ninth. Upon receipt of it the Council at once took action and Powell on the same day replied as follows:

I am directed to Inform you that the Fleet destined for Penopscott will sail on Sunday next from Nantuckett, The Place of Rendezvous in the Town of Townsend in the County of Lincoln, we therefore must request that you would Issue your orders to the commander of the *Hamden* to sail at that time and join the Fleet, and pursue such orders as he may receive from Dudley Saltonstall and in case he should not meet with the Fleet as they pass your Harbour that he proceed immediately to Townsend and from there to proceed with them to Penopscot and Cooperate with the rest of the Fleet in the Expedition against the Enemy who are Invading the Eastern parts of this State. All rely much upon the assistance of this Ship.¹⁶

President Powell, disturbed no doubt by the fact that Weare's epistle had taken three days to reach him, immediately sent a reply to Weare by a Mr. Pattinson, who on 10 July delivered the message. Weare answered at once.

I am Sorry my letter did not Sooner come to your hand. As we have received no information of the time of the fleets Sailing, or place of rendezvose, and the *Hamden* being ready to Sail, the Committee of Safety this day sent orders to Captain Salter to Sail and Joyn the fleet. Not pointing Out any perticular place, it is doubtful whether he will not Sail before there will be Oppertunity to give him the perticular Orders you mention. If there is Oppertunity it will be done. If not I trust the Orders he has will be Sufficient tho perhaps he may not Joyn the fleet quite so Soon as otherwise he might.¹⁷

The fleet set sail from Boston on Monday, 19 July, under the command of Commodore Saltonstall. It consisted of the frigate *Warren*, 32 guns, the brigs *Diligent*, *Hazard*, *Active* and *Tyrannicide*, each of 14 guns, the sloop *Providence* of 12 guns, twelve privateers, of which four carried 20 guns each, four 18 guns each, one 16 guns, two 14 guns each, and one 8 guns. The military force on the transports amounted to less than one thousand men of very inferior sort, though the intent had been to recruit 1,500. General Solomon Lovell was in charge of the soldiers, with General Peleg Wadsworth second in command and Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Revere at the head of the artillery.¹⁸

¹⁵ Weare Papers, VI, 107.

¹⁶ Massachusetts Archives, CXLV, 26.

¹⁷ Massachusetts Archives, CLIII, 253, and a copy thereof in Massachusetts Archives, LVII, 301.

¹⁸ Cf. Gardner W. Allen, *A Naval History of the American Revolution* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1913), II, 420-422.

That day the commodore ordered *Tyrannicide* to put into Portsmouth with the signals for *Hampden* and orders for her to join the fleet. On the 20th *Tyrannicide* returned and reported that *Hampden* had sailed on the previous morning.¹⁹ This is confirmed by Captain Salter's own narrative of his voyage which begins as follows:

Monday July 19 1779. At 4 A:M: got under way the Ship *Hampdon* from Piscataqua and saild for Townsend in ordere to Joine the fleet from Boston and agreeable to my orders to my Self under the command of the Commodore of Said fleet on Tusday the 20 att 8 A:M Cam to Aancher Townsend harbour Whair I found fourteen Transports with Troops on Board Wating for the Commodore. On Whensday the 21—8:P.M the Commodore in the Ship *Warren* Cam in the harbour With the fleet of armed Ships &c. I Whent on Board the Commodore and Delivered him a Letter from the Board of war at Piscataqua and agreeable to my orders put me Self and Ship under the Command of Said Commodore & received my orders in Clouding Signels &c. On Satterday 24th 3:A:M the Signel was made for Saileing. At 5. A:M I found the whole of the fleet under way. I hove up and brought up the rear agreeable to orders and Made Saile for Penobscut. Att 11 o'clock at Night we ancherd under the Fox Islands. On Sunday 25th 7:A:M the fleet all under way. We hove up and Made Saile. Light winds. We run up the Bay. About 3:P:M the fleet Came in Sight of the Enemys forts and Shipping. I found the headmost Ships hould their wind & Stood towords Long Island. I run up for the Commodore Ship and found the Commodore on Board Captain Parkers Schooner. He heald the *Hampdon*. I answord him. He Tould me to hould my wind and Stand a Cross the Bay and plye to windwerd and When his Ship ancherd I must Com Twoo. I answord him verry well Sir. I should be glad Sir If you would Give me men a Nuf to man my Ship. I Stand readey Sir to gow aney ware, ware Eiver you order me be et ware et will. The Commodore Tould me my Ship Would make a verry Good preade Ship. I answord him Sir I Ded not Com hear for a preade Ship. I Come hear for Sum thing Else.²⁰

In the meantime the British on Penobscot had on 18 July received intelligence of the preparations being made in Boston. Captain Henry Mowatt ordered the three British sloops, *Albany*, *North*, and *Nautilus*, into the harbor, and the woods around the fort were cleared away in three days. On the twenty-first news came that an American fleet of forty sail had left Boston; on the twenty-fourth at 4 P.M. the fleet was sighted and the British sloops moored across the entrance to the harbour.²¹ For some two hours there was an exchange of cannonading between the British forces and the American fleet but with little effect.²²

The operations on the following day are described by Captain Salter.

¹⁹ 'General Lovell's Journal,' *Proceedings of the Weymouth Historical Society*, I (1881), 95.

²⁰ Massachusetts Archives, CXLV, 44-45. Joseph Williamson in his *History of Belfast* (Portland, 1877), 176, says that Captain Titus Salter 'was met by a threat that his fine vessel should be degraded into a bread ship.' By the word 'preade' did not Salter rather mean 'parade'?

²¹ Cf. Calef's journal in the *Magazine of History*, Extra Number 11, 303-305.

²² Allen, *op. cit.*, II, 243.

On Monday th 26. 3: P:M the Commodore and Sundrey of the Ships past the Harbour Bagadouce and our Ship under ann Easey Saile and fierd on the Eanemyes Ships & Twoo of their Batteres. Soon after the Sloop *Providance* Briggs *Pallace* and *Defince* Landed their Men & Tuck possession of Banks Island²³ ware a Battery was Emmedately Erected which obliged the Enemy Ships to go further up the river.

There appears to have been no action on Tuesday but

Whensday 28th at 3:A:M, Sundrey Vessells begunn the fire on the Shore for Covering the landing of the Troops which was Effectd and att the Same Time the Enemy left their outer must Battery on the Larbord hand a gowing to Bagadouce harbour.

The landing referred to was made by General Lovell and his men in three divisions on the southwest head of the peninsula about one hundred rods from the main fort of the enemy. The three British ships moved farther up the harbor.²⁴

The next move came four days later on Sunday, 1 August, when at 8 A.M., according to Salter,

our Troops and Merains &c Stormed the Enemyes second Battery and Carried it which was Near the Worter Side which removed Eiverry Defficulty out of the way that mite endanger our Shiping in gowing in to Bagaduce harbour to atack one Twenty Gunn & on Eighteen & one Sixteen Gunn Ship Now the way being Clear Except the Enemyes fort up on the Hill which we Coudent Come Nearer than three Quarters of a Mile—Say a half a Mile one Transport Ship added to their Line With Six Gunns after we had been their a week or more If it was thought not Safe in lying in the harbour—after Taking the Enemy Ships Which mite be Doon with Ease When Eiver orders was given for that perpouse we Shoudent been abliged to lay Exposed to the fire of the Enmy fort as their was a large bay that we mite gone out of reach of the Enemyes Shott.

McLean's plight was, indeed, as desperate as Salter has described it but for some two weeks Commodore Saltonstall remained inactive, refusing to attack the ships of the enemy until the British fort had first been captured.²⁵ His only move was a reconnoitering expedition on Saturday, 7 August. This turned out most ingloriously, for General Lovell writes,

At the same time a Boat from the *Hazard* with Commodore Saltonstall, Captains Waters, Williams, Salter, Holmes and Burke were a reconnoitering up a Cove nigh the Enemy's Ships. On their discovering them they immediately sent 8 Boats armed to hem them in. They so far succeeded that they made a prize of the Boat, but the Gentlemen took to the Bush and escaped being made prisoners.²⁶

²³ Also called 'Nautilus Island.'

²⁴ Allen, op. cit., II, 426.

²⁵ Allen, op. cit., II, 427.

²⁶ 'General Lovell's Journal,' *Proceedings of the Weymouth Historical Society*, I (1881), 102; cf. Allen, op. cit., II, 429.

It was the commodore alone who was responsible for the failure to attack. As early as the morning of 27 July the lieutenants and masters of the several armed vessels thus petitioned him:

That we your Petitioners strongly Impress'd with the importance of the Expedition, and earnestly desire to render our Country all the service in our power—wou'd Represent to your Honour, that the most speedy Exertions should be used to accomplish the design we come upon. We think Delays in the present Case are extremely dangerous: as our Enemies are daily Fortifying and Strengthening themselves, and are stimulated so to do being in daily Expectation of a Reinforcement. We dont mean to advise, or Censure your past Conduct, But intend only to express our desire of improving the present Oppertunity to go Immediately into the Harbours, and attack the Enemy ships. However we humbly submit our sentiments to the better Judgment of those in superior Command—Therefore await your Orders, Whether in answer to our Petition, or otherways.²⁷

Salter, to take up again his story of the expedition, speaks of the many meetings with Saltonstall, all of which were of no avail. 'It is Imposable,' he writes, 'for me to Say how maney Couneles of war was held at Difrent times but upon finding them not to the perpouse I Desierd that ya and Na might be Eanterd and Eivery persons Name menshoned and if the origneral is prodused you will find I allways votted to gow in and a Tack the Enemy Ships.'²⁸

Feelings must have run high between the commodore and his officers. Colonel Brewer wrote, 'I told the Commodore that he could silence the vessels and a small battery, and in a half hour have every thing his own. All the answer he gave was: "You seem to be d-d knowing about this matter. I am not going to risk my shipping in that d-d hole."'²⁹

General Lovell felt that his small army was not adequate to take the fort and made an urgent request for reinforcements. This must have considerably dampened the spirits of those who had been elated by the first optimistic rumors that were in circulation. The *Boston Gazette*³⁰ printed a report from Providence to the effect that on the preceding Tuesday a shallop arrived there from eastward with an account that three of the British ships at Penobscot were taken, one sunk, and that the whole garrison had surrendered.

William Denning at New Windsor on 12 August wrote in these terms to Congressman Nathaniel Peabody in Philadelphia:

I am informed that our Little fleet &c has succeeded at Ponopscot and Taken the

²⁷ Massachusetts Archives, CXLV, 50.

²⁸ Massachusetts Archives, CXLV, 45-46.

²⁹ Cited in Joseph Williamson's *History of Belfast*, 176.

³⁰ 9 August 1779, 2.

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party, the Ships it is said the Enemy sunk on the approach of our people. I wish this may be true, from every intelligence from the Enemy they are apprehensive no reinforcements will arrive I am firmly of opinion if any does arrive it will be very trifling in which case I think this Campaign will be a most Glorious one for America, provided we have wisdom and integrity sufficient to make the best of it.³¹

President Powell in Massachusetts on 8 August had sent to Governor Weare by express a request for more troops for Penobscot in accordance with General Lovell's urgent plea.³² Weare, therefore, was able to take a realistic view of the situation when on 10 August he wrote thus to Nathaniel Peabody,

We have nothing very material going forward this way but the Expedition against the Brittish forces who have landed and fortified themselves at Penobscott. We had last week accounts from thence, that our people had landed, Driven the inemy from their Redoubts, taken a number of cannon and Baggage, and shut them up in the fort, where they were besieged, and it was tho't must soon Surrender, but since the Commanding officer of our forces, has sent for a reinforcement of men, which seems to show that the Enemy are better fortified, and like to hold out longer than we expected: This is a matter of great consequence to this part of the coun-try, and we are anxious for the event.³³

It chanced that on the same day Peabody in Philadelphia wrote to Weare of a matter that boded ill for the forces of Commodore Saltonstall. 'It is reported here,' runs his letter, 'that G. Collier with 7 arm'd Vessels Several Transports and two thousand Land forces put to sea the 29th ultimo supposed to be destined for Penobscott . . .'³⁴ The report was well founded, for the British admiral, Collier, in New York had received news of the American Penobscot expedition on 28 July and had sailed from Sandy Hook on 3 August. His squadron consisted of *Raisonable* of 64 guns, the frigates *Blonde* and *Virginia* of 32 each, *Greyhound* of 28, *Camilla* of 20, *Galatea* of 20, and the sloop *Otter* of 14.³⁵

Francis Davis, who later fell in the campaign, had written on 3 August: 'We . . . expect every moment to receive orders to make one more bold attack, which I am confident must prove favourable.'³⁶ Unhappily that order did not come nor did General Lovell receive the reinforcements which he had requested. The New Hampshire Committee of Safety on 13 August considered that matter,³⁷ but on 16 August Weare replied to

³¹ *New Hampshire State Papers*, XVII, 344.

³² Massachusetts Archives, CXLV, 85-86.

³³ *New Hampshire State Papers*, XVII, 341-342.

³⁴ *New Hampshire State Papers*, XVII, 342-343.

³⁵ Allen, *op. cit.*, II, 432-433.

³⁶ *The Continental Journal* (Boston), 12 August 1779, 3.

³⁷ 'Records of Committee of Safety,' *Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society*, VII, 199.

Powell that New Hampshire had 'no peticularly disaplined Companies' so that he saw no prospect of procuring in season the troops desired.³⁸

Anxiety replaced confidence among the people at home as soon as they heard of the departure of Admiral Collier for Penobscot. On 12 August the Navy Board of the Eastern District wrote Commodore Saltonstall that he could not expect to remain much longer without reinforcements reaching the enemy. 'It is therefore,' the Board concluded, 'our orders that as soon as you receive this you take the most effectual measures for the capture or destruction of the enemy's ships, and with the greatest dispatch the nature and situation of things will admit of.'³⁹

The action of the Board had come too late. The general alarm is reflected in a letter written on 13 August in Boston by the Reverend Mr. Murray. 'Should they [the British reinforcements] arrive before us,' he gloomily predicts, 'all is over—the Eastward is lost—as there is evidence Sufficient in our hands from a letter of Mr. Leigh's in England that the Ministry have determin'd to burn the towns on the sea Coast;—Boston is exerting itself to compleat its Fortifications—I wish Portsmouth may not neglect its own safety at this Crisis.'⁴⁰

Captain Salter's account relates what transpired at Penobscot. Under the date Wednesday, 11 August, he writes:

I rec'd orders to go in to Bagaduce harbour to atack the Enemy Ships on Friday 13th. Being on banks Island to See our Troops March Round the Enemy works at about 8: P:M: I Saw the Signel was out for all Captains to Com on Board the Commodore. I Emedetly returned to my boat and whent on Board my Ship and Desird Captain Hacker to let me Now whatt was the orders when he Returnd. I then per-seiveng the Strange Ships to winderd I Emedetly hove up as I lay in the mouth of Bagadouce Harbour near my Ship & the putman had layed Teen or twelve Dayes in reach of the Gunns in the Enemys fort from which they fiered at me the Whole of the Time my Ship was a wairing, as I wore as thow I was going in the harbour of Bagodouce. Att that Time General Lovel with five or Six hunderd of his Troops and Merenins &c was between the Enemys fort and their Shipping. I Soon got Clear of the Enemys fire and Stood of Tell flood tide and then Calm was abliged to Com Twoo anchor. Satterday 14.th 8:A M the Signel for all Captains from the Commodore. I whent on Board the Commodore Sundrey Captains Coming away as I whent on Board I asked the Commodor If he had aney orders for me. He Tould me Now he belived we must all Sheft for our Selves. With that I left him & Whent to the General Sloop to Request Liberty for Sum of his men as I was in Expeatision of Coming to acksion. The General Sent Major Bron with me to order Sum of the

³⁸ Massachusetts Archives, CLIII, 287 and a copy thereof in Massachusetts Archives, LVII, 333. On 21 August, however, the New Hampshire Committee of Safety ordered the Board of War to furnish Colonel Jackson with 'waggons to assist his march towards Ponobscot.' ('Records of Committee of Safety,' *Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society*, VII, 200.)

³⁹ Allen, *op. cit.*, II, 430, cites this from the Proceedings of the General Assembly, 26.

⁴⁰ Weare Papers, VII, 8.

Toops on Board my Ship. Near Twenty Turnd out as volenters and Whent me on Board. At 1:P:M o clock I returnd a Board my Ship and found the Commodore and all the fleet geting under way, I waid and Sett all the Sailes I Cud the Enemy then not more than a Leage & a half a Stearn of me the fleet Standing for fort Pownal my Ship Saileing heavey the Enemy Soon Came up With me three frigetes and fiered upon one after the outhter and Cutt away my rigen & Stayes &c and huld me Sundrey times and wounded Sum of my men. I found et Emposable to Joyane our fleet agin was abliged to Strik all thow Contrary to my well.⁴¹

To this deposition sworn to in court on 24 September 1779 Captain Salter added a postscript to the effect that the time when orders were given him to attack the fleet of the enemy was on 11 August; he stated, moreover, that in his opinion it was always in the power of the American fleet to have destroyed the enemy's shipping without any assistance from the land army until their reinforcement arrived.

General Lovell has given a much less prosaic account of the debacle at Penobscot. 'To attempt,' he writes, 'to give a description of this terrible Day is out of my Power it would be a fit Subject for some masterly hand to describe it in its true colours, to see four Ships pursuing seventeen Sail of Armed Vessells nine of which we [*sic!*] stout Ships, Transports on fire, Men of War blowing up, Provision of all kinds, and every kind of Stores on Shore (at least in small Quantities) throwing about, and as much confusion as can possibly be conceived.'⁴²

Hampden, along with *Hunter*, attempted to escape through the passage of Long Island.⁴³ The log of the British ship *Blonde* gives the following account of the action:

At 3 two Ships & a Brigg hauld round to the S.W., trying to get Down the western passage of Long Island; us & the *Galatea* hauld close to the North End & cut off their Retrait. They then wore & stood after the Body of the fleet; the *Galatea* Pursued the Brigg & Drove her on shore, we then standing after the Ships & fired several shot at them. At 4 one of the Ships run on shore, the *Galatea* sent her 2 Boats to Board her, but finding the Rebels to be armed on the Beach, returned on board and made sail after us, leaveing them to the Command of our Rere, the *Albany*, *Nautilus* and *North* Just Coming out of Megebadduce River.

Then the log deals thus with the taking of *Hampden*:

At 1/2 past 4 fired several shot at the other ship and Huld Her, as did the *Virginia*. At 5 she struck to us; sent a Boat with an Officer to board Her, which she did, and made sail after us . . . At 9 the Boats returned from the prize *Hamdon* of 22 Guns.⁴⁴

⁴¹ Massachusetts Archives, CXLV, 46-47.

⁴² 'General Lovell's Journal,' *Proceedings of the Weymouth Historical Society*, I (1881), 105.

⁴³ Cf. Calef's journal in the *Magazine of History*, Extra Number 11 (1910), 318.

⁴⁴ The log of *Blonde* is cited by Allen, *op. cit.*, II, 433-434.

The officers and crew of *Hampden*, 130 men, were captured but those on *Hunter* escaped. Nine transports were taken but the rest of the American shipping was burnt.⁴⁵

The American forces set out on their weary march back to Massachusetts. Their plight was a wretched one. Colonel Tyler of Massachusetts requested of the New Hampshire Committee of Safety supplies to carry from Portsmouth to Newbury 'the Crews of the Armed Vessels and Transports lately destroyed in penobscot River . . . now on the Road coming thro this Town in a distressed Situation wholly destitute of Provisions.'⁴⁶

The Massachusetts Council on 8 August had asked General Gates for a regiment of the Continental Army, and four hundred men were detailed and departed by ship. They sailed after the disaster at Penobscot had occurred. Fortunately they were apprised of the event in time and put in at Portsmouth on 19 August.⁴⁷ The next day John Penhallow and Joshua Wentworth wrote from Portsmouth to Meshech Weare in these terms:

This Town was Alarm'd yesterday by the Appearance of a Number of Ships &c—which Fortunately prov'd to be the reinforcement from Boston bound for Penobscutt. The Inhabitants are exceedingly Alarm'd at the Defenceless State of the Harbour and desire us to Inform your Honor of the Danger they Daily are in of an Invasion, which in our Present situation Exposes their Little Property remaining to the Ravages of the Enemy. Therefore we beg you wou'd Communicate to the Honorable Committee of Safety the uneasy and Dangerous State of this Town—and that such measures may be taken to secure this Harbour as in their Wisdom may seem meet.⁴⁸

On the next Sunday afternoon, 22 August, Colonel Jackson at Portsmouth with his regiment en route to Falmouth wrote President Powell that Lieutenant Colonel Paul Revere had that moment arrived from Penobscot. 'He informs me,' continued Jackson, 'that the whole of our Shipping is destroy'd, with all the Provisions Ordnance and Ammunition and the whole army Deserted and gone home. I refer you to him for particulars who sets off for Boston this Evening.'⁴⁹

The prisoners taken on board *Hampden* were, with one exception, returned to Portsmouth by 1 September, for on the second of that month

⁴⁵ Calef's journal in *Magazine of History*, Extra Number 11 (1910), 320.

⁴⁶ From a letter of Weare to Thomas Bickford, Continental Commissary. It was written on 24 August and asks Bickford to supply the men with an allowance for two days (Weare Papers, VI, 22); cf. 'Records of Committee of Safety,' *Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society*, VII, 204.

⁴⁷ Allen, *op. cit.*, II, 436.

⁴⁸ Weare Papers, VI, 17.

⁴⁹ Massachusetts Archives, LVII, 347.

Joshua Wentworth wrote thence to the State Treasurer, Joseph Gilman, in Exeter:

A Flag arrived last evening from Penobscut with the remainder of the *Hampdens* people except Captain Roberts who is gone with their Fleet to New York,—they wou'd not release him, a disgracefull affair as has happen'd this War for from every account I can gather, the Enemy were much in the power of our army and navy, some days after they got down,—but so it was, and so it is now.—that the States have lost in my opinion £4,000,000—besides the disgrace.⁵⁰

When Nathaniel Peabody in a letter to Weare described the 'affair of Penobscutt' as 'disagreeable,'⁵¹ he was putting it mildly. The feelings of New Englanders were probably well expressed in the columns of the *Independent Chronicle* of Boston. At first it reserved its comment.⁵² Then, on 2 September, it printed an article written in Worcester, which reads as follows:

As we often have occasion to blame our enemies for publishing false accounts, particularly after they have been worsted in any action, we would by no means put it in their power to find fault with us on similar occasions. We have waited long enough to have had a particular account of the Penobscot expedition from Boston, and it has been promised; but when it will come from that quarter we cannot tell. From the various accounts we have had, the general report stands thus, that our commanders by sea and land after they had taken a redoubt or two of the enemy's, reconnoitered until the enemy was reinforced with several large ships. Upon appearance of these, two of our vessels made an escape, two afterwards fell into the hands of the enemy and the residue were effectively secured by fire, &c. Our irregular troops made an irregular retreat, it is in imitation of an irregular Brigadier, and a new-fangled Commodore, without any loss, excepting the whole fleet, (saving two vessels) and all the military stores &c. about 70 men who were taken prisoners, a few killed, and a small number that died with fatigue in going through the woods. Thus, it is said ended the Penobscot expedition. The question now is, who is to blame?—Certainly not the under officers and privates.⁵³

The expense of the disastrous expedition was considerable, for a debt of \$7,000,000 was imposed on Massachusetts. The cost to New Hampshire was, of course, much less. On 17 September 1779 the Committee of Safety voted 19,500 pounds to be paid to Adam Babcock of Boston for one half of *Hampden* as appraised by George Wentworth.⁵⁴ Babcock was far from satisfied, for in a memorial to the General Assembly of New

⁵⁰ Weare Papers, VII, 34.

⁵¹ Weare Papers, VII, 41.

⁵² 26 August 1779, 2.

⁵³ *The Independent Chronicle*, 9 September 1779, 3.

⁵⁴ 'Records of Committee of Safety,' *Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society*, VII, 204.

Hampshire, dated 15 December 1779, he pointed out that the ship had been appraised at too low a figure and that the value of the money had rapidly depreciated, so that the owners stood to lose heavily. He therefore petitioned that this wrong be redressed.⁵⁵

Still, as General Sullivan put it, the expense was 'not so distressing as the disgrace.'⁵⁶ Responsibility for this greatest American naval disaster of the Revolution was attributed by an investigating committee of the Massachusetts legislature to Commodore Saltonstall's 'want of proper spirit and energy,' and a few weeks after the report the commodore was tried by court martial on board the frigate *Deane* in Boston Harbour and was dismissed from the navy.⁵⁷ The Continental government, wisely, it would seem, declined to risk a second attempt on Bagaduce, which was held by the British up to the end of the war.

⁵⁵ *New Hampshire State Papers*, XVII, 353.

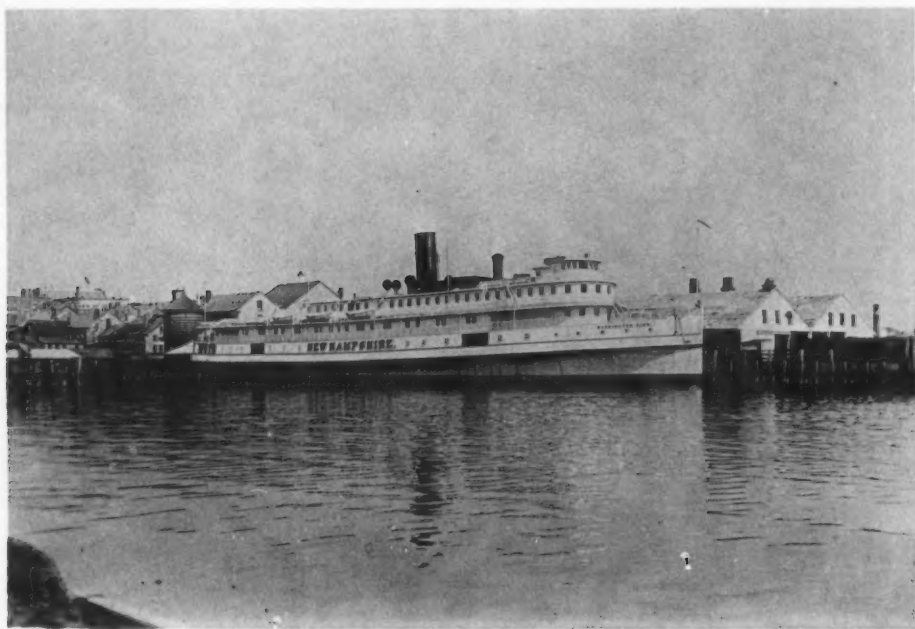
⁵⁶ Allen, *op. cit.*, II, 436.

⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, II, 437.



New York in 1911

Color print in 'The Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Virginia



Steamboat *New Hampshire* alongside the steamboat wharf at New Bedford

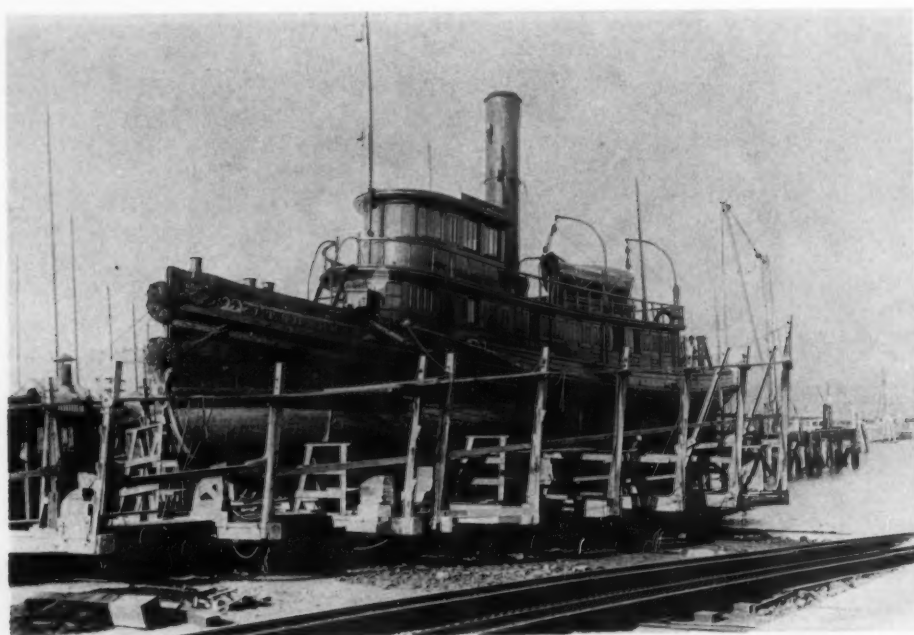
From a photograph owned by William H. Tripp, New Bedford



At the wharf, Pasque Island



Leaving the wharf at Pasque
Island about 1916

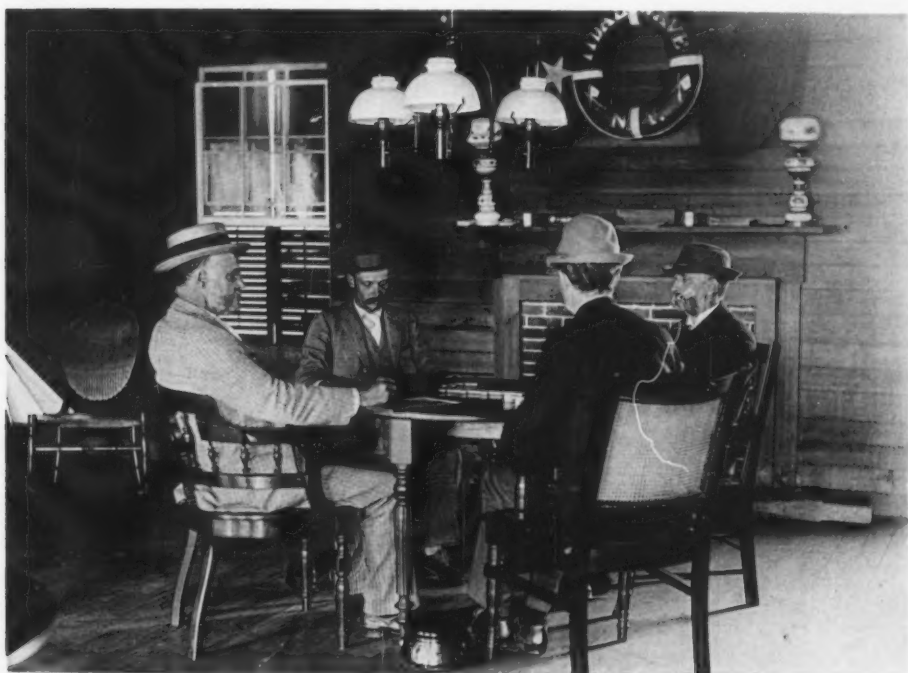


Hauled out on the marine railway at Fairhaven, Massachusetts
From a photograph owned by William H. Tripp, New Bedford

Wooden hull screw steam tug *J. T. Sherman*

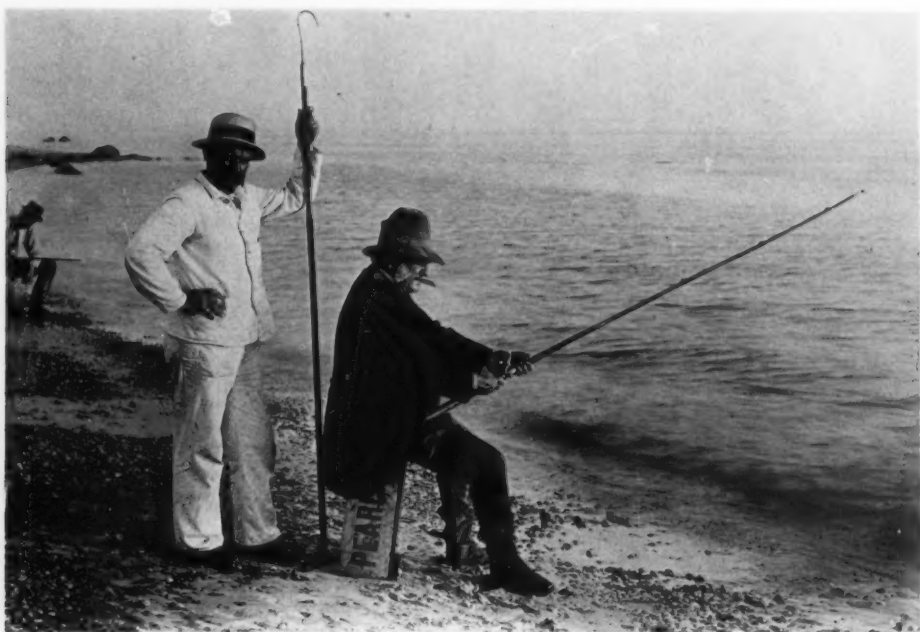


Pasque Island Club Houses looking across the creek



Pasque Island Club members in the Smoking Room about 1895

From a photograph by John Stettinius



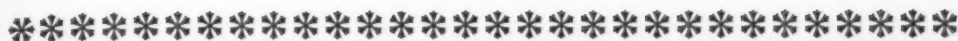
Striped bass fishing at Pasque Island about 1895

From a photograph by John Stettinius



Clam Bake at Pasque Island about 1895

From a photograph by John Stettinius



Enchanted Voyage

BY ALEXANDER CROSBY BROWN

THE writing of memoirs is a privilege, usually reserved for those of advanced age and wide experience. It is a moot point, however, just when enough of both has been acquired to justify the recording of past events. A back-log of years is certainly a help, for it automatically reduces the number of contemporary critics to challenge the recital, but meanwhile, memories wane.

Possibly I have no business invading a field for which neither time nor performance have qualified me. But, since the following brief travelogue is neither world-shaking nor profound, I may perhaps be excused for the portentousness of taking pen in hand to jot down some events of my youth, the details of which are dim enough as it is.

From the time I was very small, it was the custom of our family to leave Philadelphia and its environs to stew in their own juices while we embarked on an annual hegira that brought us to the more salubrious climate of a small island southwest of Cape Cod. Since this happened at the beginning of every summer, I naturally cannot now remember details as having taken place on any one particular trip. But I will attempt to record an 'odyssey' of the Brown family between the Main Line and Pasque Island, Massachusetts, as it might have taken place, say, in the year 1913, at which time I was eight years old and probably fresh. The way travelled seemed natural enough at the time, but today, many of the means of conveyance then involved are as thoroughly dead and gone as the dodo. This was just prior to the general use of the automobile and, looking back, one is appalled at the inconvenience and expense by which countless families such as ours transplanted themselves annually in order to be more uncomfortable in a maritime or mountain environment.

Our Mecca, Pasque Island, known to countless cruising yachtsmen as a God-forsaken blot of land, is, on the contrary, the most beautiful island in the world. I say this advisedly, having since compared at first hand

Tahiti, Samoa, Bali, Maderia, Capri, and (lest Sam Morison point out a sin of omission) Mount Desert. It is true that Pasque's mile-long boulder-strewn terrain is shaded at one point only by a cluster of half a dozen moth-eaten pines, that Robinson's Hole is branded by Eldridge's *Coast Pilot* as one of the meanest little harbors on the coast, and that the freak set of the currents sweeping to a ledge known as the Graveyard has caused the destruction of many worthy vessels. The critics of Mother Nature's handiwork have not, however, at the age of eight experienced the thrill of 'treasure' hunting on restless Cobbley Beach, caught cunners from the bridge across the tidal creek, sighted wild deer in a West End swamp, or nightly sneaked out of bed to look for the friendly gleam of Gay Head Light's slow cycle of three white flashes followed by a red.

Pasque is one in the chain of Elizabeth Islands which point westward from Woods Hole at the elbow of Cape Cod to divide Vineyard Sound from Buzzards Bay. In 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold, Gent., of Falmouth, England, first set foot ashore in the Western Hemisphere on the Elizabeth Islands, as he called them, and their names were as familiar to me as a Mother Goose rhyme, for one of the first jingles learned by heart in our family was:

Cuttyhunk, Penikese,
Nashawena, Pasquenese,
Naushon, Weepecket,
Uncatena and Nonamesset.

The names look appalling in print, but actually sound very musical. Pasque Island, originally called Pasachanest by the Indians and termed Pasquenese for the purpose of the rhyme, lies in the center of the group, about ten miles from Woods Hole, fourteen from New Bedford and seven from Martha's Vineyard. In the late 1860's some sportsmen bought the island and incorporated the Pasque Island Fishing Club whose avowed purpose was the catching of striped bass, then plentiful in those waters. I still shudder when I think of the club's engraved stationery: a fat bass serenely swimming over a ribbon bearing the legend, 'To see me, drop a line.'

My grandfather was one of the early members of this club and was followed by my father and all his brothers and sisters and their husbands. My generation was bolstered by countless cousins as well as by the cousins, uncles, aunts, mothers and fathers of other members. Each family owned rooms in one of three barracks-like weather-worn buildings at the east end of the island. By day, the older generation fished for bass from stands built out over the surf, played tennis, or sailed their boats in the Hole. A

wagon made the circuit of the island to deposit the fishermen in the morning and to pick them up again in the evening. And there was much ceremony at the fish house in the weighing-in and recording of the day's catch. If Father had been lucky, he might give us a taste of his daily 'tippie' of port before supper. This formal meal concluded, the male members of the club drew lots for the choice fishing stands to be used the next day, then withdrew to the smoking room to the stimulating pastime of dominoes, chess, or cards which they played with their hats on until bedtime. Sunday nights we all sang hymns.

Children were restricted from most of these activities, but there were plenty of other things to occupy us and I know of no more exciting place for the young. The pleasures of anticipating the trip to Pasque were in my case sometimes sufficiently keen to produce nervous indigestion and the resultant parental warning that I might have to be left behind.

Well, finally June thirtieth would roll around, the trunks would have been dispatched the day before, and the big moment would be about to begin.

There was undoubtedly a 'Clarence Day-esque' quality to the arrival of our family and faithful retainers at the railroad station. Already Father would have discovered that something vitally needed had presumably been left behind. It would, of course, turn up in my brother's trunk ('where that stupid new maid had put it') when we finally reached the island and unpacked. But meanwhile, Maurice Hayes, the coachman, would receive explicit instructions for sending on the article as soon as the horses got him back home.

Although it was fully an hour before the New York express was due (the family were believers in being on what was invariably called 'the safe side'), there would be innumerable details about the tickets; the baggage had to be counted, checked and then recounted and, of course, magazines and candy had to be obtained for consumption on the trip. I remember the magazines as being for grown-ups and thus uniformly dull; and during the entire two-hour train ride to Jersey City I would be permitted only two of those round Peters chocolates wrapped like silver dollars, with the warning that more would make me sick on the boat.

Finally, after an eternity of squirming in the green plush seat and being permitted to play with only one or two of the most accessible toys in the top of my straw suitcase, the train would come panting into the Jersey City depot. At this point, the excitement really began. As we were lowered off the train, our hands were secured in vice-like parental grips so that we would not get lost in the crowd bent on getting down the plat-

form and across to the ferry in nothing flat. Railroad station and ferry house were in the same enormous building and I remember that provocative smell of soft coal smoke, wet wood, salt air and horse manure as we crossed the apron and entered the glass doors on the ferry. I would have liked to remain on the fantail to see what happened when the boat started up, but by the time we had been shepherded to the upper deck, she was under way.

This thrilling prelude to the larger navigation to follow would be over quickly. Other ferries seemed to miss us narrowly as they passed at break-neck speed, and there was much hooting of whistles on the river. I remember being intrigued with our fellow-passengers and pitying the poor dray horses confined to the semi-darkness of the deck below. A dear old lady who wished to speak with me on a trifling matter involving the donation of a few cents for coffee, would find that Father had something to say and move on. My life was too sheltered then for me to appreciate a very drunken sister when I saw one.

Suddenly the damp cavern that was the slip on the Manhattan side gaped before us. Not appreciating the effect of currents in the North River, I was surprised in the docking maneuver at the rashness or incompetence of the ferry captain. He seemed to derive a perverted pleasure from bumping into the sides of the slip several times before the boat was secured. I claim today that my frequently expressed concern for the pilot's ability to locate the right slip was natural curiosity, Freudian interpretations to the contrary.

There was the same mad rush to get off the boat as there had been to board it. Father anchored us to a pile of luggage while he located transportation. Motor taxies were common then, but I do not believe that my family considered them quite dependable or even safe and, being allergic to such new-fangled gadgets, Father usually rounded up hansom cabs. Here our party would perforce be divided since one cab could not take all, and I would experience a twinge of anxiety lest in as lovable a place as New York I might never see my mother or my brother again. The jolting ride over cobblestones on the lower West Side seemed particularly hazardous in such an eccentric contraption, since a driver was nowhere to be seen and apparently the horse could do as he pleased. Once under way, the only means of communication with the driver (I was assured there was one) was to stick one's head out of the window and call back to him on his lofty and unsheltered perch.

Finally we would pull up before Pier Forty, North River, and in an instant the cab would be surrounded by an avalanche of shouting Negro

porters with gleaming silver buttons on their uniforms. Their caps, I recall, were suggestive of those of Civil War snipers. Two or more porters, as required, took immediate possession of our luggage as it was checked off the cab and whisked it away inside the head of the pier. Meanwhile, our other hansom cab had arrived and, reunited, our family started to board what I thought was the epitome of the naval architect's genius, the then twenty-one-year-old steamboat *New Hampshire* which, with her 300-foot sister-ship, the *Maine*, maintained over-night service between New York and New Bedford for the New England Steamship Company. Alas, both are gone today: one to the scrap heap and the other, a victim of a winter storm on Execution Rocks.

To my mind, these noble vessels with their furnishings of Victorian opulence put our poor house and all within it to shame—a view not likely entertained either by my family or even the owners of the boats, for the New Bedford Line was a step-child using old vessels not wanted on the Fall River or their other more fashionable services. But travellers today who board the stuffy (though air-conditioned) so-called sleepers for their journey to the Cape, will never know the comfortable luxuries of a trip on one of those night-boats. The privilege of viewing Long Island Sound by night is now reserved for yachts which get becalmed on the way home and a few freighters kept up late by waning commercial necessity.

Having crossed the gangway, inevitably tripping over the high, well-polished, brass doorsill on entering the main deck saloon, the final goal was attained and we were on board and ready to go.

Not only in point of splendor, but in size, was the New Bedford boat as noteworthy a creation as I had then encountered. Even the enormous brass keys which Father obtained from the purser were significant—keys which must inevitably open one of the stateroom doors which stretched along corridors of infinity before us. Meanwhile, flight after flight of richly carpeted stairs had to be mounted and more corridors traversed until at last the porter stood before that very special door which he opened with a rattley flourish, at the same time cupping his hand discreetly to receive the tip.

There was then no time to survey the snug apartment properly; that could come later; now we had to get right out on the foredeck below the wheel-house to see what was going on. Once on board, we were accorded more liberty than had been permitted on the train and ferry and proceeded forthwith to a point of vantage. It was, of course, a three-ring circus. It was patently impossible to see at the same time the trunks and cargo rolling up the fore gangway, the lighter unloading across the slip

onto the neighboring pier, and the shipping in the river beyond. All this, and keeping an eye out for acquaintances among the new arrivals, kept my brother and me on the jump. I remember being disturbed by the fact that the harbor water was so dirty and full of broken crates and garbage. And I really was alarmed when a wise guy pretended to throw me overboard, an inferior joke of irresistible appeal to some so-called adults.

Meanwhile, the tempo of activity on the *New Hampshire* would be mounting. New arrivals hit the foredeck every minute and spaces at the rail filled up. Since transportation between the mainland and Pasque Island was effected only once or twice a week by chartered tug, there were bound to be other club members and their families on the *New Hampshire* for this particular trip. With whoops of joy we soon recognized some cousins approaching and, a minute later, Uncle Artie.

My bachelor uncle, passionately adored by his countless small nieces and nephews, was, thought I, the wisest person in the world. At least he must have had a preternatural patience to withstand the battery of questions we all put to him, ranging in scope from, 'Now when is the boat going to go?' to 'What's that man trying to do?'

I recall that invariably Uncle Artie provided a plausible answer, although more than once I was admonished not to ask so many *foolish* questions and was reminded of the predicament of Kipling's Elephant's Child. I remember being at a loss to discriminate between approved and foolish questions and must have shut up for as long as half a minute as a result of it while I mentally compared my own relatives with those of the hero of the great grey-green greasy Limpopo River. In all, I considered myself fortunate not to have within my family circle a hairy baboon uncle or a broad hippopotamus aunt to spank me for 'satiabile curiosity.'

Pretty soon a steward would start his rounds of the decks ringing a bell and calling, 'All ashore that's going ashore!' And at five P.M. sharp the deep-throated steam whistle would cut loose with three long blasts. I disliked this noise very much and remembered vividly a previous year when I had been obliged to cry as a result of it. I also remembered asking Father to speak to the captain to request the ceremony be omitted as a special favor to me, but to no avail.

The noise over, the *New Hampshire* would gather way imperceptibly, the pier would slide slowly backwards along her hull, and the voyage began.

New York City as seen from the Hudson River in the late afternoon of a clear summer's day is an inspiring sight. Once out in the stream and headed south, the *New Hampshire* skirted the shore at about three hun-

dred yards off the pier ends. Here Uncle Artie really shone. He would point out and identify the towers of Manhattan: the Singer Building, the Equitable, and of course the brand-new spire of the 60-story Woolworth Building. But we were more interested in the ships a-loading for the globe's proverbial four corners. I cannot remember any of them today, but undoubtedly on this trip or another we saw a giant, four-stack Cunarder like the *Lusitania*, banana boats of the Great White Fleet, four and five-masted coasting schooners, and even an occasional square-rigger, not to mention lesser craft—countless puffing tugs neatly managing unwieldy carfloats, the many-windowed ferries, and glistening white steamboats such as our own. Side-wheel propulsion was no rarity then, and many ferries and steamboats were surmounted by walking beams, their paddles giving them a waddling pomposity. I can recall the distant hum of the city sounding across the water and the fragrant smell of coffee as we passed the Munson Line piers.

Soon we were abreast of the tip of Manhattan and changing course to round the Battery and come into the East River. A fresh breeze from the southwest meeting the falling tide raised a slight chop. Here, naturally, we had to cross over to the starboard rail to see Governors Island and the Statue of Liberty and then mount to the top deck to be ready to go under the Brooklyn Bridge. My grandmother's house was on Brooklyn Heights and undoubtedly Uncle Artie pointed out nearby Grace Church spire, but I cannot remember ever seeing it.

The navigation under the East River bridges was thrilling. It seemed a certainty that the *New Hampshire's* masts would be snapped off, but, miraculously, there was always room to spare, and nothing impeded our steady progress. Uncle Artie obliged with the names of all the bridges and I could not realize that the gossamer-like threads that supported them were cables a foot and more in diameter.

By the time that we had reached Blackwell's Island with the Brooklyn Navy Yard well astern, it would be supper time, but we would resist all parental suggestions to go inside until we had passed Hell Gate. As we approached this blatantly profane landmark, mysterious doings went on in the roped-off portion of the foredeck about the brass-topped capstan. The *New Hampshire* had old-fashioned stock anchors and one of them was invariably catted and swung out ready to let go at a moment's notice in case the swirling tide race put the steamer out of control, or the engine failed at a crucial moment. Once the danger was past, we would reluctantly admit that there was now nothing much more to see outdoors and let ourselves be led off to wash for supper.

In those days, the boats carried a small string orchestra to compete with the rattling of the crockery, and the dining saloon was a cheerful place. All I can presently remember about the meal was the quantity of small, thick dishes necessary to complete it and that supper concluded with macaroons and a sort of super Neapolitan ice cream in which the black specks showed in the vanilla.

The captain and his officers ate at the head table and, since the captain was obviously the most important individual on board, I felt that my family would do well to cultivate his acquaintance, elevate its social caste, and afford me the opportunity of enjoying a personally conducted tour of the engine room. Every year I passionately wanted to see what made the boat go, but somehow never made it until I was too old to have it matter much. I remember hearing that even then, timorous people desired their cabins to be located at some distance from the machinery casings lest the boiler 'blow up.' Perennially we were spared this excitement.

A very brief tour of the deck was permitted after supper, but it was now cold and windy and there were only distant, and to us unidentifiable, lights on the horizon. By this time I would be worn out, even though rebellious at the thought of bed. One intriguing feature of the New Bedford boats, always good for a few extra minutes at the end of the day, was the news stand featuring a variety of desirable objects which I was erroneously advised I did not want. Being permitted one small purchase, it would be a toss-up between a cheap replica of the Statue of Liberty, or a cheaper unhollowed sailboat model, until finally I discovered a fascinating gadget which I must own. This consisted of a round box with a celluloid top through which a magnetized spindle projected. Small snakes cut out of bright metal would be attracted to the spindle and wriggle briskly around it when one gave the shaft a spin. I believe I obtained one of these snake outfits on every trip, but they must have soon become lost or broken, for today I can only associate them with the New Bedford boat.

Finally led off to bed, I found compensatory excitement in undressing in the tiny cabin. I regretted that my brother, being older, was awarded the upper berth. When the lights went out, all the mysterious shipboard noises, of which I had previously been unaware, asserted themselves. The cabin walls creaked, the door rattled a rhythmical tattoo and, outside the peculiar wooden-slatted shutter, the waves splashed and danced. There was a slight motion to the ship and my brother and I prayed that it would not be rough off the Point Judith we had heard the family discussing, the nemesis of even cast-iron stomachs. For then, alas, the china container under the bed would be broken out to play a tragic rôle.

When I woke up, the early morning sun was streaming in the window. There had been some anxious moments during the night, I recalled with pain, but on this trip catastrophe was averted by lying flat on my back and holding on to the side of the bed. We were soon dressed and out on deck, but by this time the *New Hampshire* had passed Butler's Flats and was well on her way up New Bedford harbor.

We had to hurry through breakfast, for there was much to be done ashore in New Bedford before leaving for Pasque. Across from the *New Hampshire's* berth, the Nantucket boat, the side-wheeler *Gay Head*, was already impetuously blowing her whistle as signal of imminent departure.

Our suitcases repacked, we would make our way as quickly as possible along corridors already festooned with piles of used bed linen and descend to the door leading out to the gangway. Here it would be my privilege to deposit the brass stateroom key in a carpet covered box so labeled for the purpose. A brief glance backwards, a stumble over the same brass door sill, and we would say farewell to the New Bedford boat, now metamorphosed into the New York boat, until the sad retracing of the journey in the late summer.

New Bedford was full of attractions. Next to the whaling museum below Johnnycake Hill, where the family would take us if there was time, I enjoyed going with Father on his rounds of the hardware and fishing tackle shops on William and Purchase Streets. The discussion of size of hook and weight of sinker made me feel very grown up, and Father promised that soon I would be big enough to have a proper rod and reel of my own. There were many other things to do and look at, and the bustle of Union Street with merchandise piled up on the sidewalks was different from anything I had ever seen in the John Wannamaker section of Philadelphia. Finally, after obtaining still another pair of sneakers (on Pasque at least one pair was always out drying), we would make our way down from the center of town, past Briggs and Beckman's sail loft, to Merrill's Wharf.

New Bedford was still a whaling port in 1913. On both the New Bedford and Fairhaven sides of the Acushnet River whaling barks like the veterans *Andrew Hicks*, *Morning Star*, or *Charles W. Morgan* were moored to the many wharves that projected into the harbor. The smell of whale oil and the ring of the cooper's mallet were in the air, and Uncle Artie explained to us about 'greasy luck' and 'blo-o-ws.'

The steam tug *J. T. Sherman* was already along the south side of Merrill's Wharf opposite the coal loading pier, and the trickle of steam that

came out of her escape pipe abaft the funnel showed she was all set to go. I was a little disappointed that the *S. C. Hart* was not the one to take us on the last fourteen-mile lap of our journey. Not that there was much difference between the little vessels; both were wooden-hulled harbor tugs with gilded eagles poised on their pilot house roofs and both would roll their hearts out in the usual Buzzards Bay seaway. Either one of them might be chartered for the weekly trip out to the island. The 73-foot *Hart* was three feet shorter than the *Sherman* and, having been built in 1896, was seven years older, but was only a slightly less palatial craft. Both hulls were painted black, with red superstructure on the *Hart* and green on the *Sherman*. But my preference for the *Hart* was not based on outside appearance. I naturally would not have understood then and I know of no one to ask now, but apparently the engine of the *Hart* was a compound, steeple job with a lot of crossheads, pistons, tail rods, and connecting rods flying around in plain view of the engine room door. It is true that for an eight-year-old boy, the *Sherman's* reciprocating engine was pretty exciting to watch, but it was harder to see below the varnished wooden-slatted cylinders, and apparently not as much was going on in the engine room. I pity the present generation of boys who must grow up with only memories of dull and uninspiring turbines or diesels, whose neat and efficient casings conceal all moving parts.

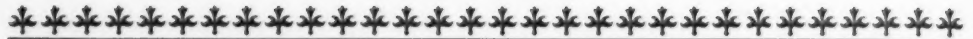
By eleven o'clock the trunks and provisions would have been stowed in a neat pile on the towboat's fantail and covered with a tarpaulin, the last of the Pasque Island clan arrived, and the *J. T. Sherman* slipped her lines from the well-worn bollards and headed down the harbor. The *Sherman* was not famous for her passenger accommodation, but canvas camp stools already liberally sprinkled with grit were provided on the upper deck between the lifeboats, and sometimes the captain let us sit on the leather-covered settee in the pilot house and watch him spin the wheel. Fire buckets stowed in a rack around the funnel were available for other purposes in case it got too rough. The power of suggestion being what it is, I avoided looking directly at them as much as possible.

A complete tour of the tug was not a lengthy process and, after two or three of them, I began to get impatient to have the voyage over. In the middle of Buzzards Bay a spar buoy with an old broom tied to it indicated the half way mark and, once that was passed, we began to be able to pick out familiar landmarks on the island. First the cliffs on the north shore showed up and then the lone cluster of pine trees on the east end detached itself from the surrounding highland.

Pretty soon Robinson's Hole opened up, and we could see clean

through to the Vineyard beyond and note the small flotilla of island cat boats and sailing dories (called 'peanuts') bobbing at their moorings. The tide was low and, as we approached the Hole, the jagged point of Peaked Rock was visible by the eel grass on the west side of the channel. A minute later we were abreast of the club houses and could see the white plume of smoke followed by the sharp crack of the signal cannon. This little brass gun had been salvaged from the wreck of a palatial schooner yacht, the *Tidalwave*, claimed by the Graveyard in 1891, and custom dictated it should salute the approach of visiting craft.

By this time a knot of people had gathered at the long pier and the wagon was clattering down the road leading to it. With slackened speed the *Sherman* nosed her way in, lines were passed, and in another minute were alongside and scrambling up the gangplank. Utopia was gained.



Paddle-Wheel Inboard

Some of the History of Ocklawaha River Steamboating
and of the Hart Line

BY C. BRADFORD MITCHELL

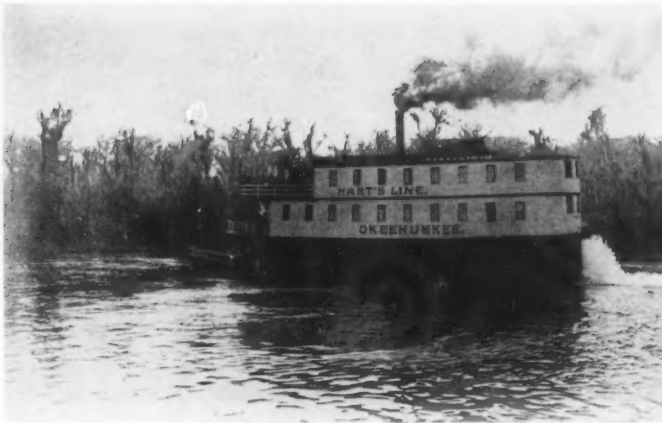
PART TWO

IV

INEVITABLY, the Colonel's sudden removal left the affairs of his nearly bankrupt line in a desperate state. It was providential that the consolidation was already in effect, for almost any opposition could have made short work of the Ocklawaha Navigation Company in its prostrate and momentarily leaderless condition. But the consolidation worked smoothly and gave Hart's successor in the managership time to get things controlled and organized.

This successor was his brother-in-law, R. H. Thompson, of Boston. Already a substantial partner in the ownership of the line, as a result of advances which had been made by the Thompson family during the company's latter-day troubles, he nevertheless found himself in the most unenviable situation possible. A huge debt must be whittled down, and those creditors who could not be paid must be convinced of the solvency and sound prospects of the line. On top of all this, the daily routine of the concern, then in the busiest season of its year, must be maintained, while the new manager mastered the art of steamboat management simply by being a steamboat manager. Under these circumstances, it is altogether astonishing that Thompson not only succeeded in salvaging the line, but so strengthened it that it was able to survive the inevitable break with Lucas, and to emerge winner of the subsequent contest. If he never contrived to make the line a real financial success, that is not to his discredit. Before he was called south, the Ocklawaha run had reached that point at which so many once-popular steamboat routes have since arrived — where the trade is dead or dying and there is nothing to do but admit it. A whole generation of enthralled visitors to the Ocklawaha wilderness have the Thompsons to thank that they refused to admit it until they had undergone almost twenty-five seasons, most of them losing seasons.

Very fortunately, a set of remarkably clear and complete accounts of



Okeehumkee at full speed
Courtesy of Mr. P. W. Thompson



Hiawatha and Okeehumkee at the Hart's Point Yard
about 1920

Courtesy of Mr. P. W. Thompson



Okeehumkee at Hart's Point in 1936
Photograph from U. S. National Museum

Last Act



Hiawatha at Hart's Point, 26 January 1946



Okeehumkee's bones at Hart's Point, 25 January 1946



*Astatula's sternwheel supports at Hart's Point,
26 January 1946*

Epilogue

Photographs by author

passengers carried and supplies purchased has been preserved for the season of consolidated operation. These are interesting for the glimpse they give us of what the living was like on an Ocklawaha steamboat in the latter nineties. They are valuable because they give us accurate figures on the volume of passenger travel in a season when it was not split between competing lines.

Under the former heading, we find that *Astatula's* grocery list for 20 January 1896, consists of brown sugar, bacon, lard, grits, mince meat, macaroni, soda crackers, lemons, cabbage, Irish potatoes, meal, cheese, tapioca, cakes, syrup, prunes, and apples. Her meat list is almost more than a man can bear to read just fifty years later: 8½ pounds of rib roast at fifteen cents a pound, 8 of steak at eighteen, 5 of stew at eight, 2½ of sausage, 5½ of pork chops, and 8½ of ham, all at twelve and one half! Turkeys came at a dollar apiece; chickens, at thirty cents.¹²⁵ 'Four mullet,' a regularly recurrent entry, always cost a quarter. Eggs were fifteen cents a dozen. When all this food was on the table, what did the passenger pay for it? On 6 April occurs the entry 'Dinner — 50¢,' and the next day, 'Eureka to Davenport [deck passage] & supper on deck — .75.'

A lone cargo entry, 'Hauling for goat — 1.00' serves to emphasize how completely the trip had become, even at this date, a passenger proposition. As for the passenger figures, they are derived from a sampling of the records — one month each (February) for *Okeehumkee* and *Metamora*, two (January and April) for *Astatula*. A computation of the average passenger load per trip, up and down, shows the following results:

	Up			Down		
	<i>Astatula</i>	<i>Metamora</i>	<i>Okeehumkee</i>	<i>Astatula</i>	<i>Metamora</i>	<i>Okeehumkee</i>
January	20			9		
February		17	23		16	13
April	22			26		
3-month Daily						
Average, all boats		20			15	

These figures strongly suggest several facts, and help to explain others. For one thing, the passenger business available, even in 1896 when it was almost certainly larger than at any time in the twentieth century, was inadequate to support two boats of the same line, let alone two opposition lines. The average daily hauls for the entire period studied range from one-fourth to one-third of the passenger capacity of an individual boat. The heaviest individual load noted was *Astatula's* up-trip, 15 April, with 47 passengers. She came down the next day with 46 — probably a special

¹²⁵ Except for one entry, '6 head chicken @ .25'!

round-trip party. Only six other trips, by any of the boats, are recorded as exceeding thirty passengers; and curiously enough, in view of the over-all ratio between 'up' and 'down' loads, four of them were from Silver Springs to Palatka. Without a substantial freight revenue, such figures as these point to only one conclusion — failure of the trade.

The table also shows that the sine qua non of tourist operations — heavy round-trip travel — was not being achieved in spite of the consolidation's efforts. The majority of the passengers who took the trip as an interesting stage of a journey to more southerly resorts did not return, and no equivalent number of northbound travellers cared to detour via the Ocklawaha.

With both lines starving under the consolidation, it is understandable that we do not find *Metamora's* name linked with those of *Astatula* and *Okeehumkee* in travel literature of 1897.¹²⁶ Each management probably felt it might do better on its own: the Hart Line because it could run its boats every day, Lucas because his maintenance expenses were lower and there might still be a chance of toppling the older line before it regained its balance from the events of 1895. Certainly, the consolidation was short-lived, and its dissolution was the signal for a new bitterness of antagonism which extended to personal animosities, and left a bad flavor long after the competition had died.

The competition lived at least until 1903. In that year, F. R. Swift published a spirited account of a race he witnessed, at the mouth of Silver Spring Run, between *Metamora* and one of the Hart boats. He himself was en route by small boat from Silver Springs to the upper Ocklawaha, and had made his breakneck dash down the Run in momentary fear of being crowded into the undergrowth by the up-bound steamers. He made the junction just in time.

... as we rounded Hell Gate Island into the upper river the Lucas line boat loomed ahead, with the opposition boat only twenty feet behind.

It was once again the rivalry of the Mississippi boats in the old Mark Twain days. The two had been nip and tuck all night long. They were now hugging each other for a spurt in the fairly open water of the last mile run. Then there would be fun. The leading boat now had the right of way and puffed along like a fat king with the asthma. The trailer could do nothing but trail, for she couldn't pass the leader without pushing her into the woods. The passengers on the decks were howling and clasping each other's hands with excitement.¹²⁷

The Ocklawaha was a poor place for racing, and the captains, at least those in the Hart service, were noted for caution and a sense of responsi-

¹²⁶ See, e.g., Raymond & Whitcomb, *Series of Delightful Tours*, pp. 23-24.

¹²⁷ *Florida Fancies*, pp. 41-43.

bility.¹²⁸ Swift was capable of exaggeration, as he proved elsewhere; but something of the sort undoubtedly happened. If he construed appearances somewhat loosely, he probably caught the passengers' spirit accurately. And the episode was certainly part of a larger race — now ten years old.

We may safely assume that the Hart liner which figured in Swift's race was a stern-wheeler; but, at this date, it need not have been. In its booklet of 1902,¹²⁹ the company listed, in addition to the two larger boats, the

¹²⁸ They were governed, moreover, by a remarkably thorough-going body of 'company law,' set forth in a closely-printed 6-page booklet, *Rules for the Hart Line of Ocklawaha River Steamers*. Several of the 37 rules are worth quoting:

1. Officers and Crew are expected to render the most efficient service in their power for the success and popularity of the Hart Line, and to exercise at all times patience, self-control and a cheerful and courteous bearing toward passengers.

4. The Captain has the authority to discharge any member of the Crew for breach of these rules. . . .

6. Captains and Pilots on the up trip on the Ocklawaha River, shall on the approach of every steamer coming down the river, and where the two steamers are at least half a mile apart side-track their steamer in the most suitable place for protection against collision, bringing the same to a complete standstill until such down trip boat shall have passed. . . .

17. The Captain and Pilots shall exercise great care against accidents of all kinds either to the Steamer or to the passengers, giving caution to passengers from time to time against danger where it shall seem to be needed, and avoid severe contact and shock of Steamer with logs, trees or wharf landings.

21. All fire wood needed on each trip shall be prepared, if practicable, in the daytime on wharves, and heavy pounding on the hull floor by wood splitting or otherwise, which loosens the caulking, must not occur. When wood is split on a wharf a heavy under stick must be used to prevent cutting the wharf.

23. At a station or otherwise, the Crew must not enter the saloons or staterooms, nor put feet through windows to cushions or chairs, nor wash the side of boat before closing the windows.

26. Compare the clock in the pilot house with the clock in the engine room two or more times per day by calling through the tube. On approaching the bridge, if the draw is befogged or otherwise obscured, do not run the risk of uncertainty, but send a boat ahead. Hundreds of steamers have been smashed and sunk by believing, but not knowing, that all was right ahead.

27. A single pilot may be taken suddenly sick and the steamer smash, or be punched by a 'sawyer' log or root, and drown the pilot in forty feet of water.

28. The deck crew in a fog or dark night on the ocean are indispensable, and on the Ocklawaha and St. John [sic] Rivers one of such crew with steady, well-trained eye, should ever be found on the forecable deck, eager to call 'raft around the bend,' 'sawyer log ahead,' or such other information as may be needed by the pilot.

31. And all the engine room employees should keep in mind that the safety non-explosive Taylor Water Tube boilers used by the Hart Line (though not dangerous themselves) are not safe from serious injury or a leaky condition, unless an almost constant watch of the water level, and a nearly even fire be kept over all of each fire grate.

32. 'A place for everything, and everything in its place,' is a motto approved for its value in the engine room, and to keep a clean floor, to waste no oils, to use oil only where it is needed, and not on the floor, will be appreciated by the Company.

36. Substantial food shall be furnished to the crew, and the high priced unsubstantial food only to the paying passengers, and any officers who may be specially designated. . . . Pouring greasy water or swill beneath the floor rots the boat, produces fevers and must not be done on Hart Line boats under penalty of immediate discharge from service. . . .

37. When the steamer is tied to a wharf, it shall be so placed that the gang plank extending to the wharf shall be opposite and tied to the post at the bottom of the forward stairs with strong side-rails, and a chain or rope shall bar descent of the opposite stairway.

¹²⁹ *In the Heart of Florida. Ocklawaha River & Silver Springs.*

smaller stern-wheeler *Gazelle*,¹³⁰ the propeller *Fearless*,¹³¹ and an unidentified *Ida May*.¹³² It also still owned the propeller *Edith*,¹³³ though she was on the point of abandonment, and probably laid up. These 'small fry' sometimes invaded the Ocklawaha — as witness the once-popular colored postcards 'On the Ocklawaha River, Florida' and 'Sunrise on the Ocklawaha,' which show *Fearless* or a similar craft — but they never plied it regularly, and are seldom mentioned in reference to the river trade. Their main function was to ply between the Hart dock in Palatka and the multitude of unlisted private landings which lined the St. John's riverbank in the vicinity of town. A Mr. M. A. Johnson of Mornstone Grove, for example, writes Hart, 4 March 1893:

The str. *Edith* passed my dock last evening with her machinery disabled, and was making very slow time: I do not think she will be here this A. M. in season for us to reach Palatka by 12 M. Will you kindly have Capt. Dunham come for us this A. M?

Captain Dunham was probably to come in a similar little propeller, *Putnam*,¹³⁴ which he owned and employed, as occasion served, in this same manorial taxi service. All these small craft were also available for charter.

Swift's verbal Currier and Ives print probably dates only a matter of weeks before 19 March 1903. Very early that morning the Lucas liner *Metamora* was nearing the mouth of the Ocklawaha, running downstream after an unusually successful trip. Going up to the Springs she had carried a capacity crowd of 49, which had even squeezed Captain Mercier out of his stateroom. As usual, however, not more than half of these people had been round-trippers — a very lucky thing for everyone — and only 28 passengers and a crew of 17 had ridden *Metamora* down Silver Spring Run the afternoon of the eighteenth. Just before three A. M., the boat being nearly out of the river, the captain left the pilot house to make up a little of the sleep he had missed the night before. At three, a Philadelphia trav-

¹³⁰ #85994, 56 x 18.5 x 3, 52.69 gross. Built 1888 at Georgetown, Fla., and owned by the Hart Line at least since 1895. Last registered in 1903.

¹³¹ #121045, 50 x 15.3 x 3.1, 24.05 gross. Built 1897 at Palatka. Apparently the second *Fearless* of the line. The first, #120671, 62.8 x 14.6 x 4.2, 26.68 gross, was a propeller built at Palatka in 1887 and shifted to Key West registry in 1889. After carrying passengers out of this and several other gulf ports, she became a tug at New Orleans in 1906, and was last registered in 1911.

¹³² Possibly too small to require listing, since no eligible vessel of this name appears until the *List* for 1910, which carries a gasoline-powered passenger boat *Ida May*, #207113, 29.8 x 10 x 2, 6 gross, built at Melbourne, Florida, in 1897, and registered (1910) at St. Augustine. She shifted to Miami as a freight boat in 1919, and was listed 'abandoned by owners' in 1922. The Hart Line was strongly opposed to internal combustion; but this *Ida May* could have been a small steam launch in 1902.

¹³³ #136062, 50 x 13.1 x 3.6, 15 gross (rebuilt dimensions). Built 1883 at Harlem, N. Y., possibly as a yacht, since her first entry in the *List* shows her registered at Jacksonville in 1890. Last registered in 1902.

¹³⁴ #105276, 66.7 x 12.7 x 3.2, 17.03 gross. Built 1883 at Palatka. Last registered in 1900. Small cards advertising *Putnam* still survive.

eller turned away from the pilot house window, where he had been talking with the pilot, Mannel Myers, walked aft, and stood awhile admiring the moonlight. He started below to wake his wife so that she might see it too, but changed his mind and started back to the deck.

Metamora, which was carrying a heavy deckload of firewood, badly trimmed, pulled around a particularly sharp bend and followed the north bank. Abruptly, as though struck by a hurricane, she lurched to port, her tall superstructure crashing into the overhanging trees; then, just as suddenly, careened toward midstream and settled in twenty feet of water. Fortunately, her first stagger and the crash of breaking branches, waked the captain and crew, and most of the passengers. Those on the starboard side, who were in the greatest danger, since the main cabin rooms were almost submerged in less than a minute, were mostly thrown out of bed by the second lurch. The crew, under the captain and engineer, smashed open locked staterooms and speedily assembled the nightshirted and nightgowned passengers on the roof. Every passenger was accounted for and intact. The crew was not quite so lucky. Two colored boys, Rufus King and Walter Watson, were gone. They had been asleep in the fore-castle when the steamer foundered.

From Welaka, three miles away, came a rescue flotilla of rowboats, which at daylight assisted the steamer's boats in bringing the shivering survivors to the wharf there. Welaka fed them, clothed those who needed clothing, and saw them aboard the Hart Line propeller *Fearless*, which had come for them from Palatka.

The postmortems, for the most part, followed the customary lines, except that the bad feeling between the two concerns gave them a more than usually unkind tone. A snag was first and most generally blamed. But there were those who asserted that no snag capable of troubling a hull of three-foot draft was likely to exist in that part of the river, recently worked by the government snagboat. Another theory was that the lopsided woodpile caused the steamer to ship water over her low guard on the sharp bends of the river. The most ingenious explanation was that of 'a gentleman on the train who seemed to know a great deal about the ill-fated boat.' He put the whole blame on round bolts in round holes, which had permitted the hull planking to loosen, and darkly averred that the operators of the steamer had been aware of her unwholesome state and should be restrained from imperilling the public health and wealth by an amendment requiring more than one inspection a year. However the water got there, the behavior of *Metamora*, as described by all present, indicates that there was considerable liquid already in her flat hull when

something — probably the sharp bend just rounded — set it to sloshing and rocked the boat into the worst accident in the history of Ocklawaha navigation.

It was thought that *Metamora* might be capable of being raised and repaired. She lay sunk by the stern, her upper cabin above the water on the starboard side, both cabins exposed on the port. That she was raised long enough to be moved is proved by a picture showing her alongside a small dock — probably at Welaka — again sunk, but this time with a port list. The nature of the damage to her port superstructure shows that this was after the same accident, not a new one. Whether she was ever fully repaired and returned to service is not clear. If she was, her tenure must have been brief, for there is no further mention of the Lucas opposition.¹³⁵

Be that as it may, the proprietors of the Hart Line seem to have felt that the long conflict was at last over, for in the next year after *Metamora's* wreck they launched their first new steamer¹³⁶ in twenty-three years. The building of any new boat at a time when it was clear that the business was waning and could not revive was in itself a remarkable feat of optimism. It would scarcely have been undertaken by a concern which still owned two serviceable boats, had they not felt reasonably safe from damaging competition.

Hiawatha,¹³⁷ last of the Ocklawaha steamers, was also the largest and most pretentious. Of the same general style as the rebuilt *Okeehumkee* and *Astatula*, she had a number of distinctive traits, most of them minor in themselves, which combined to make her seem a bigger, more powerful boat. Following the lead of *Metamora*, she abandoned the square pilot house typical of the Hart Line. With a small fantail deck abaft the upper cabin and no exterior moulding along the side of her cabin at the upper deck level (such as appeared on *Okeehumkee*), she looked better put together than her mates, which always betrayed the fact that they were made over. But perhaps her prime advantage over all other steamers of the river was that she carried two stacks, placed abreast on the forward part of the upper cabin roof, where stacks belong. No Ocklawaha boat can be called beautiful — the conditions under which they navigated condemned them to tall, chunky ungainliness — but, so far as good looks may be admitted into the discussion, *Hiawatha* had them. *Metamora*, in her day the belle of the river, was dethroned.

¹³⁵ *Metamora* appears in the *List* through 1908; but this by no means proves that she actually survived to that date — or ever ran again after 1903. Facts on her sinking are largely derived from accounts published in the *Florida Times-Union*, Jacksonville, 20 March 1903.

¹³⁶ Except, of course, for the small craft mentioned on page 228.

¹³⁷ #200729, 89 x 23.5 x 4.6, 129 gross (original dimensions); altered in 1916 to 86.9 x 25.3 x 4.9, 72 gross.

The new boat was also of unprecedented passenger capacity. With ten staterooms on her saloon deck and eighteen on her upper, she was originally authorized eighty first-class and ten deck passengers.¹³⁸ Her dining room was on the saloon deck forward, just beneath the pilot house. Communication between the two cabin decks was had by a staircase in the after part of the saloon, but she perpetuated the line's tradition of exterior stairs from the saloon deck to the forecastle, reverting to the square landing and thwartship flights of *Okahumkee's* earliest days.

Arrangements on her boiler deck were also a departure from earlier practice. In place of the single large locomotive boilers of her predecessors, she had two water tube boilers five feet four inches long by twenty inches in diameter, working at 170 pounds pressure. Her two engines were of the condensing type, with cylinders 11" by 3'6". Built by the Buckeye Foundry and Machine Shops of Keokuk, Iowa, they were of 120 indicated horsepower.

Hiawatha came out under the management of R. W. Thompson, who had succeeded his brother in the direction of Hart Line operations. The line now had three boats only, for *Fearless*, the last of the 'mosquito fleet,' had passed to other ownership. She is advertised in 1904 to run for the Drayton Island Line between Palatka and Lake George, under a Captain Cone.¹³⁹ Her career was short after leaving the Hart flag (which was, of course, a red heart on a white field), for she burned, without loss of life, at Calce, Florida, 29 April 1907.¹⁴⁰

The schedule throughout *Hiawatha's* career was very little changed: she left Palatka at 12:45 P. M. and arrived at Silver Springs 'before noon of the following day.' Leaving the Springs at 2 P. M., or thereabouts, she was back home 'early the following morning.' While this was a substantial improvement over the times of *Griffin* and her ilk, it was not at all superior to the schedule maintained by *Astatula*, *Okeehumkee*, and *Osceola* in the early nineties. The circumlocutions regarding arrival hours were standard procedure for Hart Line advertisers, but they probably indicated exactly the same overall running time as Lucas' precise timetable of 1895, which put *Metamora* out of Palatka at 12:30 P. M. and into Silver Springs at 9:30 A. M. Probably the Hart Line's vagueness was the wisdom of experience.

Hiawatha's life-story is one of gala trips and dwindling revenues, of thunderous ballyhoo in the travel pages and a gradually spreading silence

¹³⁸ This was reduced in later years to 60 cabin passengers.

¹³⁹ *Ocklawaha River and Silver Springs*, p. 7 ("Steamboat Connections").

¹⁴⁰ *List*, 1907.

over the bends and reaches of the Ocklawaha, and finally of a losing struggle against new opposition from a new point of the compass. A word first about the ballyhoo, with a few cullings.

As has been said, one of the apparent requisites to survival on passengers alone was a more belligerent advertising policy. People had written about the Ocklawaha and its boats already; but they had written scientifically or objectively or — worst of all — humorously. Now any good advertising man knows that you cannot sell a thing that way. So all the superlatives, all the clichés, all the solemn absurdities and anticlimaxes were plastered over the Ocklawaha tour. Every steamer and pilot was 'trusty,' every tree was 'towering' or 'spreading,' Spanish moss had to be 'weird,' and the river itself was always 'dark,' ergo 'mysterious.' 'Mysterious,' after awhile, got on the nerves of the most hardened blurbist. 'Mystical' began with the same syllable; so it was substituted, whatever it might mean. But even it palled on one soul, who decided, very reasonably, to look into his book of synonyms, and came up with the 'problematical Ocklawaha' — which the typesetter raised to an even higher power of insanity by making it 'preblematical.'

High-pressure advertising was needed, unless all the books were wrong; but one wonders, finally, whether it was not these latter-day hysterics in print which really killed the Ocklawaha trade. How could anyone want to see the things which made people write like that?

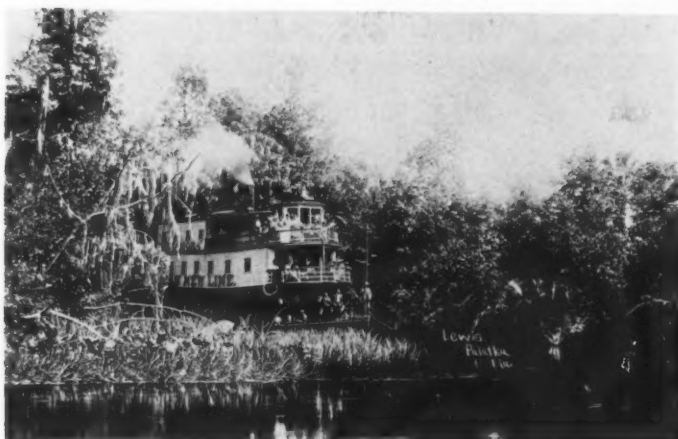
The fever spread from those who had a legitimate reason for advertising the river and its steamers to others who had no such excuse. It even infected, in a rarified sort of way, such a pen as Lafcadio Hearn's, as has been pointed out by Cabell and Hanna.¹⁴¹ It became necessary for everyone, from pundit to schoolmarm on vacation, to write himself or herself into a fog of incoherent rapture over the river and its scenery, and then to assure the reader that no pen could describe it. Only one writer admitted that he was stumped, after two sentences. 'A great many writers,' he abruptly concluded, 'have tried to write up the wonderful scenery but all have so far failed.'

It was in the realms of superlative and analogy that the greatest triumphs were achieved. Unless taken in too great quantity, these make excellent reading. The gems are usually ponderous assertions of the downright sinfulness of not seeing the Ocklawaha. As early as 1886, when most writers were still dabbling in sobriety, a pioneer booster came forth with 'No visitor to Florida who has any regard for his own peace of mind can

¹⁴¹ *The St. John's*, pp. 250-251.



Okeechumkee



Metamora

Photo by A. P. Lewis of Palatka



Astatula

Photo by A. P. Lewis of Palatka

Character Studies from the Steamboat War
Courtesy of Mr. P. W. Thompson



Eureka apparently nosing her larger competitor Okeehumkee away from Silver Springs dock about 1892

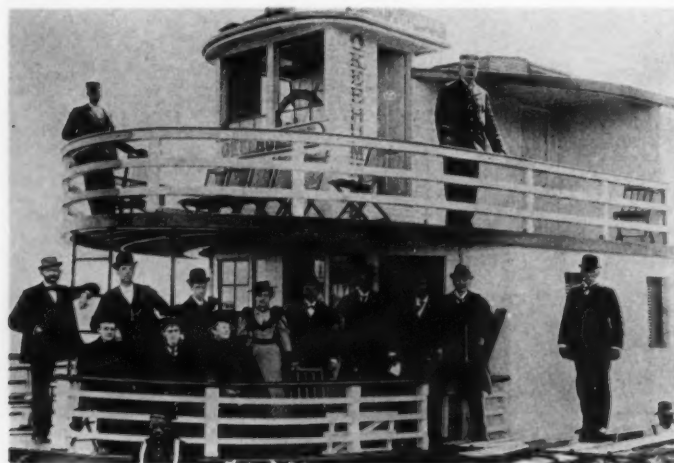
Photo by Owen of Ocala

Courtesy of Mr. P. W. Thompson



Okeehumkee at an Ocklawaha landing

Photo by O. Pierre Havens of Jacksonville



'Queen of the Ocklawaha River'—Okeehumkee at Palatka, 5 February 1894

She seems to have carried this sign only in February and March 1894. Colonel Hart stands at the right, wearing a derby hat.

Photo by E. Bien & Co., Palatka

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leave the State without having made the trip up the Ocklawaha.'¹⁴² In 1895 two competing copywriters tried to warn their fellow man against a criminal omission. 'Leaving Florida without seeing the Ocklawaha is like leaving Rome without seeing the Pope,'¹⁴³ said one. 'Seeing Florida without the Ocklawaha would be as Hamlet without the ghost,'¹⁴⁴ intoned the other. 'No tourist,' warned the Front Office itself in 1901, 'has seen the most beautiful natural scenery of Florida, if he has not sailed up and down the swift and mystical current of this romantic stream, one of the most famous rivers of the world that have attained distinction.'¹⁴⁵ And an undated flyer from the same source gravely sums it all up: 'Going to Florida without this trip would be like a visit to Egypt without seeing the Pyramids.'

'Bird life is simply wonderful,' explodes the writer of *Rinaldi's Official Guide to Tampa*,¹⁴⁶ apropos of nothing except the fragrance of his own words, one of which is 'Ocklawaha.' 'The voyage is a visit to fairyland,' sighs Clifton Johnson,¹⁴⁷ without acknowledgment to Mrs. Stowe, who said it first. But, for the acme of understatement, we must turn back to John Welsh:

It was of this river that General Grant remarked after his tour of the world: 'This is the greatest wonder I have seen.' He might have added, 'Egypt has her pyramids, Ephesus [*sic*] her Temple of Diana, Babylon her Hanging Gardens, Alexandria the tomb of the Pharos [*sic*], Olympus her palace of Zeno, Greece the ruins of the Colossus of Rhodes, America the Ocklawaha — the grandest of all; for it is the unapproachable work of the Omnipotent.'¹⁴⁸

It was all very vulgarly genteel and very ignorantly learned and very calculatingly enthusiastic, like all good ballyhoo, and on the whole one gets more fun than nausea out of reading it. Still, one keeps wondering whether it made business any better.

But all bad things come to an end, too, and the time was coming when ballyhoo would fall silent because it could no longer do any good, or any harm. Just before the end began, one more writer tried his hand at describing the Ocklawaha steamboat. The river, he says, is very crooked.

But the vessel has been built to overcome these difficulties and while having no more than the deck dimensions of a tug makes up in height what she lacks in length and

¹⁴² *Florida Annual*, p. 119.

¹⁴³ *Panorama of Palatka*, p. 22.

¹⁴⁴ Welsh, *Glimpses of Florida*, pp. 87-90.

¹⁴⁵ *Ocklawaha River & Silver Springs*, pp. 5-7.

¹⁴⁶ 1919, pp. 117-118.

¹⁴⁷ *Highways and Byways of Florida* (New York: Macmillan, 1908), p. 65.

¹⁴⁸ *Glimpses of Florida*, p. 87.

width. Besides she has a peculiar recessed stern wheel, and double steering gear.¹⁴⁹

He was looking at a vanishing species.

The end lasted eight years. It began with two events of 1912. First, *Astatula* made her final curtesy. She was a quaint little steamboat, part lady and part child. She had come into the world just in time to share the Golden Age of the line, she had survived the Lucas war on the winning side, and she had lived into the evil days as a top-heavy little dowager, travelling less and less after 1904, when *Hiawatha* took the burden off her shoulders. Of all the Ocklawaha boats, except perhaps *Silver Spring*, I would like best to have travelled on her, with Captain Gray.

She was committed to the riverbank not far from the marine ways at Hart's Point, and gradually stripped of her tophammer as the years passed. For a while she was a low box on a raft, with a door-like aperture in the stern and a tall, tottering stovepipe. Then she was a nest of water-soaked timbers, and finally, thirty years later, two rotting stern-wheel supports slanting above a carpet of water hyacinth.

As one boat began to rot, another splashed into the water. But this was not a Hart boat. Launched at Silver Springs, she was christened *City of Ocala*.¹⁵⁰ Her owners were called the Silver Springs Company; but in later years the *List* carried the name 'C. (Ed.) Carmichael,' and unmasked the Hart Line's newest, and last, adversary. Carmichael, who had come to control the resort at Silver Springs, clearly believed that the steamers had had their day. It seems to have been immaterial to him how his patrons came to the Springs. If they wanted to come in automobiles, ignoring Brinton's advice, which they had never heard of, they had that privilege. Still, if they wanted to come in a boat, he'd give them a boat to come in.¹⁵¹

But there would be a few changes from the conventions sanctified by a half-century of Silver Springs travel. *City of Ocala* would be based at the Springs, not at Palatka; the round trip would be down-and-up, not up-and-down. She would not be a steamer: internal combustion was here to stay. And she would run through by daylight: passengers would prefer a good hotel bed in Palatka to a stifling stateroom. Pine-knot searchlights were something to read about in books. So she was billed as a 'swift and comfortable yacht,' the 'only boat making this famous trip entirely by

¹⁴⁹ Johnson, *Highways and Byways of Florida*, p. 65. The description is accompanied by a half-tone view of *Hiawatha*. The 'double steering gear' is apparently the twin rudders, one on each side of the stern-wheel recess.

¹⁵⁰ #209614, 37.6 x 13.4 x 3.5, 13 gross.

¹⁵¹ In 1911 his floating property had consisted of a fleet of glass-bottomed rowboats.

daylight,' leaving Silver Springs Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 A. M.; Palatka, on intermediate days, at 6 A. M. A two-deck craft, she was still small for a day's journey.¹⁵²

Nevertheless, passengers presented themselves, until Carmichael decided that he needed space for more, or more space for those he had. In 1914, he lengthened the *City of Ocala* seven feet, to a total of 44.9. And she kept running, at fares of \$5.50 one way, \$10.00 round trip.

Like Colonel Hart before him, the new manager of the Hart Line decided to fight fire with fire. Not that the line would stoop to putting on a motorboat. But, if Carmichael's public wanted a daylight line, the Ocklawaha Steamboat Company could supply one as well as he. There was nothing new about the idea. The Colonel himself had worked it out on paper twenty years before. Hence, the following passage, loaded to the guards with innuendo, appeared in the company's folder of 1915:

But for travelers with too limited time for the above schedule [*Hiawatha's*], the very fast thirty-ton, twin propellers, iron steamboat *Billow* (not a gasoline launch) leaves Palatka Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays at 7 a. m.; speeding through by day. A la carte lunch. Fare one way, \$5.75; round trip, \$10.50. Gasoline power boats not permissible.

The steam power in each boat is from the small tubes of the non-explosive, safety, Taylor and Almy Water Tube Boilers, in marked contrast with the well-known dangers attending other methods of propulsion. All Hart Line Steamboats have large observation decks, large and comfortable steam-heated, glass-sided cabins (steam heat being a necessary adjunct) and toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen, all protected from cold winds.¹⁵³

The 28-year-old *Billow*¹⁵⁴ must have originated as a steam yacht, for her name does not appear in the *List* until 1915, when Boston is given as her hailing port. It is replaced by Jacksonville, 1916-1920; so she certainly came south, presumably under Hart Line auspices. But something must have gone wrong. People intimately connected with the line in its closing years have no remembrance of her, and the first of the paragraphs just quoted is deleted in pencil from the office copy of the 1915 folder. Perhaps the upkeep of a twin-screw steam yacht was more than the line, at this juncture, could bear. Perhaps she was too decrepit, mechanically, to undertake the job. Perhaps no Hart captain would venture up the river in such a contraption. Whatever the explanation, it appears that *Hiawatha*, armed with her new searchlight in place of light wood, took the battle to the enemy alone in 1915.

¹⁵² See *The Standard Guide. Florida*, 1913 and 1914, for advertisements and pictures.

¹⁵³ In *the Heart of Florida*. 'The Hart Line' [no pagination].

¹⁵⁴ #212705, 56.8 x 14 x 4.3, 30 gross. Built 1887 at Wilmington, Delaware.

She returned to the attack each year, up through the 1918-1919 season, fighting her own war while a larger one was conducted elsewhere. How much help she received from *Okeehumkee* is as problematical as the Ocklawaha. That the 45-year-old steamer was kept up we know, for she is listed, as '*Okahumkee* 2nd,' in an advertisement of 1917¹⁵⁵ and in the line's last folder.¹⁵⁶ She appears, spruce and freshly painted, in a picture with *Hiawatha*, taken at the very end of Hart Line activities. Probably she was a pinch-hitter for her juvenile teammate, and took alternate nights in the heaviest part of the season. For a wooden steamer, she was incredibly old, and deserved whatever rest she got.

The last season was 1919. Carmichael and *City of Ocala* were relentless, and they had a heavier and heavier advantage, for they ran more cheaply, they controlled landing facilities at Silver Springs, and — anyway — Silver Springs was turning its back on the river. The Hart Line had been a bad risk for years.

The notice of the line's suspension gives full credit to the war, none to any other factor. But, during her last season, *Hiawatha* had punctured her bottom on a log. Preparations were set afoot for the 1919-1920 season, on the assumption that she could be put in shape to operate by December. But instead, December brought forth the line's obituary.

Notice

Ocklawaha Steamboat Co. (Hart Line)

Palatka, Fla., Dec. 9, 1919

The scarcity of skilled shipyard help, due to the previous absorption by shipyards and industries far away, obliges this company to postpone its winter time schedule, till further notice by mail to all principal ticket agents.

R. W. Thompson, Gen. Mgr.

But the enemy at Silver Springs must not be allowed to take aid or comfort from this momentary embarrassment. So the notice went on with

A Suggestion

In the mean time as the Hart Line has the only steamboats that annually ply the Ocklawaha and Silver Spring Rivers during the past 50 years, the only boats showing the most interesting scenery and clear waters by the necessary light of the midday sun, tourists can have a pleasing trip on the comfortable river steamboats of the Clyde Steamship Co. that ply between Jacksonville and Sanford, Florida, making rail connections at Sanford with East Coast and West Coast.

¹⁵⁵ *The Standard Guide. Florida*, 1917.

¹⁵⁶ *Ocklawaha and Silver Springs Rivers and Silver Springs — Queen of River Routes* (5 February 1919).

The chief Clyde liner on the St. John's at this date was *Osceola*,¹⁵⁷ a steel stern-wheel steamer twice as long as her namesake of the Hart Line.

The *List* of 1920 shows *Okeehumkee*, registered at Bath, Maine,¹⁵⁸ *Hiawatha*, registered at Boston,¹⁵⁹ and *Bilow*, registered at Jacksonville. The next year all three dropped out, the first two 'abandoned by owners,' the last, 'sold Cuban.' And then there were none. The Hart Line had lived sixty years; its oldest steamer, forty-seven.

The Ocklawaha continued to flow and, for a time, *City of Ocala* and one or two cronies continued to venture down it. A publication of 1925-1926 takes note of their activities:

Double-deck sight-seeing yachts ply the streams, passing out through Silver River, along the Ocklawaha and down the St. John's River to Palatka in Putnam County. No one should miss a trip to Silver Springs.¹⁶⁰

An echo of the old tune, but played backward. Silver Spring Run has grown up into a river, the Ocklawaha has become incidental, and Palatka is strangely far away — off there in Putnam County.

Not everyone remembered even as much as the writer just quoted. At the same date, Frank Parker Stockbridge and John Holliday Perry were inserting this astonishing paragraph in a book they were concocting:

Although Silver Springs is familiar to every Floridian, it is only recently that efforts comparable with those made to attract tourists to other spots in Florida have been utilized to advertise the beauties of this place. Now a paved highway connects Silver Springs with Ocala, a great hotel is going up on the shore of the lovely lake, bathing pavilions have been constructed, and the most interesting body of water in Florida is on its way toward a national reputation.¹⁶¹

Sic transit! Before the breath was entirely out of the Silver Springs Tour — two full years before *City of Ocala*, which had administered the coup-de-grace, was 'abandoned by owner' — two 'authoritative sources' showed their complete ignorance that substantial efforts had ever been made 'to advertise the beauties of this place' or that Silver Springs had ever enjoyed 'a national reputation.'

After 1921, their active lives ended, *Hiawatha* and *Okeehumkee* entered upon new lifetimes of genteel retirement. Relegated to the defunct shipyard at Hart's Point, officially classified as abandoned hulks, they re-

¹⁵⁷ #211613, 180 x 40 x 8, 474 gross. Built 1913 at Jacksonville. Run by Clyde as a passenger boat through 1932, then by the Central Florida Transportation Co. of Sanford as a freighter until her abandonment in 1937.

¹⁵⁸ Bath became the hailing port for *Okeehumkee* and *Fearless* in 1899; for *Astatula*, in 1902.

¹⁵⁹ She was the only Hart liner which never ran under Florida registry.

¹⁶⁰ *Florida Old & New (The Year-Book of Florida)*, (Orlando, 1925-1926), p. 213.

¹⁶¹ *Florida in the Making* (New York, 1926), pp. 251-252.

mained intact steamboats, complete in structure, machinery, and equipment. A perfectly adequate supply, with no demand to fill, they were melancholy vindication of an uncompromising law. Bit by bit, but for a long time infinitesimally, time began to pick the life out of them — a tack here, a spike there, a brass number off a stateroom door, a paddle-wheel bucket, a condenser, a boiler.

The low piers at Hart's Point mouldered away, and the bottom was rotting out of *Okeehumkee*. Starboard to the live oak shore, she settled in four feet of water about twice as far east of the point as *Astatula's* faintly-marked bed. Then for years she squatted like a weatherbeaten three-story house which somebody had contrived to press into an oval mould. The broad front door, facing east, was the rectangular opening from which the recessed paddle-wheel had once tossed mysterious torrents of spray. She was an excellent store of firewood and a splendid anchor for gigantic rafts of water hyacinth.

There was room for only one boat on Captain Dunham's old shipways, and *Hiawatha* was the newer and more valuable boat. So she spent her retirement at an angle from the horizontal. But removal from the water, in the absence of systematic repair and maintenance, gave no immunity from decrepitude. Vandals found it even easier to get at her, and rot gradually turned exposed planking and timbers to cheese. Her twin stacks were removed and tossed on the bank, where a jungle of undergrowth quickly concealed them. Her lofty superstructure, pulled by the slope of the ways, came to slant back noticeably toward the river.

Thus they sat when the investigators for the Merchant Marine Survey, seeking photographic records of specialized and vanishing ship types, studied them under a sky already darkening for world war. The new proprietor of Hart's Point and its relics, Mr. P. W. Thompson, of the family which had kept the line afloat for 25 years, watched them decay and took such steps as an individual could to retard the process. Finally, in the early forties, it became clear that the battle for *Okeehumkee* was lost. To prevent her from becoming a fatal trap for explorers and foragers from small boats, it was necessary to raze her superstructure. She now lies (1946), a still-distinct pattern of hull timbers, among the hyacinths. Her stern-wheel supports are still solid, her twin rudders stand out from the stern-wheel recess like gates of a small lock, and the iron-bound pitmans of her vanished engines stick up at crazy angles from the wreckage.

Hiawatha still holds on. Her boilers, condensers, paddles, engine room gong, and, to a large extent, her bottom planks are gone. Inside, she has been gutted of furniture and fixtures, including almost every scrap of

brasswork.¹⁶² Her engines survive, as do the pitmans and the paddle-wheel shaft. In her microscopic pilot house (to attain which one must bring along one's own ladder), her wheel and bell-pulls remain in place. The bow deck is no place to walk; but one can move the whole length of the saloons, climb the stairs, glance into the little staterooms, and emerge on the open fantail. There, with the river underfoot, and the great Palatka bend spread around one for miles, it is not too hard to think that presently the dilapidated rudders will creak, the wheel begin throwing water from somewhere in the caverns below, and that in twelve hours or so *Hiawatha*, her light wood fire ablaze, will be slipping through the 'Gateway of the Ocklawaha,' the two immense cypress columns just below Eureka which, according to legend, set an absolute limit to the beam of Hart Line steamboats.¹⁶³ But the eye falls on the hulk of *Okeehumkee* and the stern-wheel timbers of *Astatula*, a deck plank gives underfoot, and the return to 1946 is instantaneous. The Ocklawaha voyage is over.¹⁶⁴

¹⁶² The Thompsons have, however, erected a very interesting and practical sort of memorial to the old steamer by installing her mirrors, mattresses, and bedspreads in their 'Hart's Point Tourist Court.' Mrs. Thompson has perpetuated the line's insignia by placing red hearts, in appliqué, on the window curtains of all the cottages.

¹⁶³ The smallest known beam-to-length ratio of the Ocklawaha boats was 23:100 (*Eureka*, *Marion*); the greatest, 29:100 (*Hiawatha*). Since no boat could be materially longer than *Hiawatha* and still negotiate the river channel, and since the average ratio of the seven leading boats was already 1 to 4, it is doubtful whether the Gateway seriously inhibited Ocklawaha steamboat design.

¹⁶⁴ Mr. Thompson cherishes the hope that, with the coöperation of some historical society or museum, he may still be able to repair and preserve what remains of *Hiawatha* — which is enough to illustrate what the Ocklawaha steamboat, and no other, was like. Every loyal student of steamboating will share his hope that somehow she may be converted into a permanent memorial and museum to house the large remains — documentary, pictorial, and miscellaneous — of the Hart Line of the Ocklawaha.



Notes

THE *Constitution's* 1812 GUNS

Measured drawings of naval ordnance before 1820 are documents of considerable rarity in the United States. The one reproduced here is of particular interest because it gives a precise record of the armament used by both sides in one of the most noteworthy single ship engagements of the War of 1812, the *Guerriere-Constitution* action. The original drawing is in the Office of Naval Records and Library, Navy Department.

One notes that both the long guns and carronades are very different in dimensions to say nothing of design from those given in the pamphlet *United States Frigate Constitution*, published by the Bureau of Construction and Repair, Navy Department in 1932. The carronades, it will be observed, were evidently of the lug rather than of the trunnion type shown in the official publication.

Charles F. Waldo, the draughtsman who prepared the drawing, served aboard the *Constitution* as a master's mate. In the engagement with H. M. S. *Java* he was severely wounded and eventually lost a leg. However he was promoted to master on 10 March 1813 reporting to the Boston Navy Yard. He served there continuously until his death 30 August 1838. Commodore Bainbridge in 1813 wrote of Waldo: 'He served much time under my immediate command, both at sea and on the land, and I have ever found him a correct & faithful officer. His fine talents for drafting of which he has done a great deal since he has been in the service renders his services additionally valuable.'

M. V. BREWINGTON

ADDITIONAL DATA ON THE DISMAL SWAMP CANAL

[The following paragraphs, reprinted by permission from the manuscript, 'My Story, A Narrative of Incidents and Events of the Past Eighty-Five Years,' by Charles A. Stewart of Falls Church, Virginia, may prove of interest to readers of earlier articles on the Dismal Swamp Canal.]¹

In the '70's and '80's all kinds of boats of small tonnage passed daily through the canal. Our farm bordered a part of the summit level and the nothern locks of this level were located about half way between the north and south boundary lines of the farm. Any new or strange craft passing down the canal above the dikes, high up above the surface of the farm, was sure to be seen by the boys at "Beechwood" who would run over to the locks to inspect the stranger. I remember the flat-bottomed and square-headed "lighters" loaded with cords of 6 foot juniper logs, pushed along by negro boatmen, their breasts leaning against a stout long pole reaching over to the tow path, one at the stem and one at the stern. It was always a mystery to me how such a heavily laden craft could be slowly but steadily pushed along by the shoulder of only one man at each pole. Then there were the neat little sloops and the two masted schooners that carried corn or fish or watermelons from the Carolina Sound country to the (to me) far North.'

'I remember the steamboats that plied between the Carolina metropolis [Elizabeth City] and the two eastern Virginia seaports [Norfolk and Portsmouth]. There was the *Thomas Jefferson*, white painted and trim with a canal pace of

¹ Alexander Crosby Brown, 'The Dismal Swamp Canal,' *THE AMERICAN NEPTUNE*, V (1945), 203-222, 297-310, VI (1946), 51-70; 'The Lady of the Lake in Dismal Swamp,' *ibid.*, VII (1947), 66.

about five miles an hour. There was the *William Gates*, ugly and awkward. There were the steamers *Elizabeth City* and the *Enterprise*, both home-made products of a country ship yard. There was the *Helen Smith*, long and slender with yellow cabins and low guard rails. The *Smith* was an opposition company's boat running against the old established line. She was referred to contemptuously by the Scandinavian superintendent of the regular line as "to hell with the *Helen Smith*." And in later years came the two modern and handsome canal steamers, the *Thomas Newton* and the *William B. Rogers*.'

'The captains of the canal steamers were very profane and they would hurry up the negro deck hands taking on freight by a sound "cussing." We boys thought this profanity was a part of the game and necessary to keep the boats running properly. But when the handsome and gentlemanly Captain Conklin of Staten Island, N. Y. came to command the steamer *Thomas Jefferson*, he used no swear words but directed the work of loading cargoes in a mild conversational manner. We boys could not understand why the boat made such good progress or why everything went along so smoothly without shouts and oaths in passing the boat through the locks.'

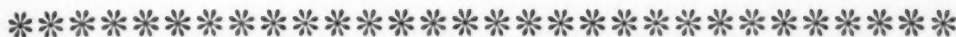
'The captain was said to keep some very good rye whiskey in his stateroom. Every day when his boat entered the

locks the leading plantation owner of the swamp area, "the old boss," drove up and the captain would invite him to come aboard and read the *New York Herald* while the steamer was locking through. It was a long time before the frequenters of the lock-landing found out what the pass word meant. Captain Conklin's boat was popular with travelers, and Henrietta, the middle-aged mulatto chambermaid was known to all the ladies and children who patronized the canal steamers of the '70's.'

'For many years little steamers navigating the canal plying between Norfolk and Elizabeth City carried the mail between these two points. The intermediate post offices, Deep Creek, Lake Drummond (later Wallaceton), Lilly (Cross Canal), and South Mills were served on this route. A small black negro was the mail carrier on the steamer *Thomas Jefferson*, Uncle Aleck, the "mail man" as he was familiarly known up and down the canal length. The steamer moved very slowly between stopping points making barely five miles an hour and Aleck had ample time for long naps between stops. One day while sitting near the low rail dozing, he lost his balance and plunged headlong overboard.'

'"I knowed I was overboard soon's I struck de water" exclaimed Uncle Aleck as he was pulled aboard and that remark became a by-word or slogan of the boys for many years afterwards.'

ALEXANDER CROSBY BROWN



Answers

77. *SCHOONER Columbia*. I have tracings of the lines and sail plan and some other information concerning the fishing schooner *Columbia*, and Mr. Fred Lewis, 36 West 44th Street, New York City, has some negatives of the vessel. There is an excellent model by Fred Avery (now on the staff of the U. S. Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis) at the Peabody Museum of Salem, which is one of the finest models in the Museum. This is reproduced on page 240 of Wesley George Pierce, *Goin' Fishin'* (Salem: Marine Research Society, 1934).

The following answers to your questions may be of some value:

Columbia was launched at Story's Yard, Essex, Massachusetts, 17 April 1923.

Topsides when launched were gray [documented by photo at Ben Pine's office]; topsides when racing were black [documented by photo at Mr. Lewis' office]. My belief is that the underbody was always covered with red copper paint. I have never seen them any other way.

The Peabody Museum model shows no evidence of auxiliary power, and I believe that she never had any.

By comparing photographs of the two vessels, I believe that there were slight differences in the running rigging of *Columbia* and *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, especially the tops.

It is my opinion that most of the standing rigging of most of the schooners launched between 1900 and 1929 is essentially the same, when you refer to those with sail and perhaps an auxiliary, but not 'power vessels.' I do not know when hemp shrouds gave way to wire. You will find on some vessels three foremast shrouds and on some four. Also three mainmast shrouds and some four.

Dory tackle is varied. Most vessels had them suspended from cross trees, but on *Columbia* they were forward side main shrouds and aft side fores shrouds. *Henry Ford* had real fancy cross trees. *Columbia* had a small and a large pair; longer cross tree in front, smaller one aft. I think aft or mainmast pair were larger than those on foremast. There is quite a description of both standing and running rigging in *Goin' Fishin'*. However, nowhere as far as I can find out is there a good rigging plan of *Columbia*.

In my opinion the 'bank sail' was a small triangular sail with special rig bent to main boom and mainmast while anchored on the Banks, to keep the vessel headed into the wind.

JOHN M. MINUSE

78. *CHESAPEAKE BAY SCHOONER*. The number 107,384 shows that the vessel in question was first documented in 1898 and that her name began with 'A.' *Merchant Vessels of the United States, 1900* lists her as the schooner *Addie S. Riggins*, built in 1898 at Mauricetown, New Jersey, and owned in Bridgeton, New Jersey.

JOHN LYMAN

78. *CHESAPEAKE BAY SCHOONER*. Numbers cut into the beam of the forehatch indicate the official number of that vessel. These numbers are assigned to a vessel by the government when built, and remain the same even though the vessel's name may change any number of times. The vessel described as bearing the number 107384 appears in *Merchant Vessels of the United States* as the schooner *Addie S. Riggins*, built 1898 at Mauricetown, New Jersey. Her dimensions are given as 56.0 x 18.8 x 4.7 and her tonnage 33 gross tons, 20 net.

In the June 1947 *Tiller* I published an article entitled 'The Chesapeake Bay Pungy *Amanda F. Lewis*.'

ROBERT H. BURGESS



Book Reviews

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON, *Operations in North African Waters October 1942-June 1943* (Boston: Little Brown and Company, 1947). 5¾" x 8½", cloth. xxvii + 297 pages, 30 plates and 22 charts. Volume II of *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II*. \$5.00.

This is the first published volume of Professor Morison's stupendous thirteen-volume *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II*, although it is the second volume in the planned series. The complete list of these volumes is impressive; taken as a whole, the work will cover every detail of American naval operations in the recent war, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Mediterranean to the China Sea, from the final landing on the beach-heads of Normandy in the west to the final action off Okinawa and Japan in the east. The volumes will be published as soon as they are prepared, perhaps twice a year; but it will take a considerable time to go through the whole list. A final volume of indexes, references, etc., will complete the vast enterprise.

Such an historical task as this has not previously been attempted in modern times, and it would be hard to match it in classical or ancient literature. The recent war, to be sure, was the biggest (if not the best) war of all time, and the naval operations it produced were on a scale never before attempted or even contemplated by mankind. Thus there is a great deal more to tell in this case, in terms of sheer detail and action, than historians of the past have had to assimilate and put down. Yet beyond this, the unique features of the present work cannot be denied. Professor Morison, a friend of President Roosevelt's, was given this job with every official backing. He was commissioned a Lieutenant Commander, and later a Captain, in the Naval Reserve; he could go where he wished to observe naval operations, put himself on board any ship, and participate in any action. A staff of young Naval Reserve officers was supplied him for research, office work, and the assembling of the vast material. He went to every field, saw action in many quarters, met and conferred with naval officers of the highest rank at precisely the time when strategy was being unfolded in terms of the event. In addition to all this, he had access to the secret files of government reports; every item of information available to the United States Navy was at his disposal; and when the war was over his aides went to both Germany and Japan and spent months of research among enemy files of naval operations.

As a final stroke—and this is most remarkable—the Navy now has turned Professor Morison loose with this colossal work to say and do as he pleases. It is to be an official work in terms of its sources of information, but the work of an independent professional historian as far as any observation, comment or interpretation goes. No mistake needs to be whitewashed, nothing needs to be covered up; Professor Morison is free to speak his mind as an historian, not a naval officer. In a brief foreword to this first volume, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal says:

'This work is in no sense an official history. The form, style and character of the narrative are the author's own. The opinions expressed and the conclusions reached are those of Dr. Morison, and of him alone.'

From all this it is apparent that the task in question is without parallel in historical writing. This throws on the author's shoulders a heavy responsibility. He had active duty on eleven different ships; he has seven battle stars on his service ribbons; he was torpedoed and kamikaze'd, went ashore with troops in amphibious operations, and participated in heavy carrier raids. He saw the naval war at first hand. Now he is free to tell about it, and it depends on him whether the relation is good or bad.

It will at once be seen that there are two schools of arm-chair criticism in this regard. One school would have it that to observe naval action and participate in it, to be on the bridge with the man who controlled the operation, to share the excitement and the danger, must be an actual detriment to the freedom of view necessary to appraise what really went on. In this process one inevitably becomes a naval officer oneself, says this school, and cannot avoid a partisan slant towards the operation. The way to write history is to sit in a quiet study, with all the information possible, and think long thoughts without emotion or personal regard. The other school, of course, would take the opposite opinion; to its mind all historical writing is somewhat stuffy and pedantic, lacking in true imagination of the scene and vivid awareness of the personal elements involved; and it will be glad to celebrate a large scale historical enterprise conducted for the first time along the lines of action in the field and sensory understanding of what went on.

Obviously, there is truth on both sides. It comes down to this, then: if Professor Morison is predominantly an historian, he will produce history; if he is predominantly a seaman and naval officer, he will produce an accurate detailed picture of events, of great value for record and reference, but not necessarily a broad historical commentary for all time. Glancing through the first volume of the series with this idea in mind, one is at once struck by a conflicting opinion.

Professor Morison, as we well know, virtually is a professional seaman; he has sailed all his life, he loves the sea and everything connected with it, and ships and their operations really excite him emotionally. It is plain, too, that he liked the naval life to a considerable extent, the glamor of rank, the giving off of orders, the errors due to misjudgment as well as the successes due to luck, the heroic spirit on every hand rather than the actual result. There is a sense in which everything is commended, whether it succeeded or failed, and every naval officer is praised, whether he showed good judgment or bad.

On the other hand, we also know full well that Professor Morison is a Yankee individualist of the first water, independent to a degree in his views and opinions, unchangeable as Gibraltar when he comes to a conclusion, a man whose mind is wholly his own, and one who brings to the question in hand a range of erudition and a scope of historical knowledge second to none.

Thus it appears at the start that there is a considerable battle going on within his soul between the naval seaman who had such a good time fighting the war that he wants to tell about it, and the professional historian who isn't so sure, in view of what men have done in the past, that every action amounted to so much as it seemed to do at the time. This will lend an added interest to the work as it goes

along. As the series unfolds and the action moves into the Pacific, where a new type of naval warfare really was in practice, there will be much more to observe and much more to say.

The present volume is confined to the naval operations incident to the North African invasion, a subject somewhat restricted and one which unfortunately has been somewhat swamped in the public mind by later naval and military events. One suspects that already a good many teen-agers (and possibly a good many grown-ups), have forgotten that we ever went into North Africa at all. Yet in terms of naval experience, of the beginnings of an entirely new form of naval warfare, this operation was of crucial importance. It constituted at that moment the greatest amphibious ship-to-shore troop landing that ever had been attempted, one conducted with sadly inadequate preparation, and, to add a note of the incredible, conducted across the Atlantic Ocean from a base 4500 miles away on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. Never had such a feat been dreamed of before. The plans and arrangements were efficiently performed, absolute secrecy was maintained, the three great convoys crossed the Atlantic without even a whisper of the operation reaching German ears; the only inadequacy lay in the training for handling boats and getting the troops ashore. This was serious, but it could not be helped; all the troops involved, and a good percentage of the young Naval Reservists manning the ships and boats, were landlubbers, and no time offered to train them properly.

It is a marvel that this operation succeeded at all, in view of the circumstances. The weather was fairly good, the surf was low on the beaches, but unexpected opposition from the French forts along the coast developed at once, a genuine naval battle took place at Casablanca, and fighting went on in a desultory fashion for several days. A good many boats were wrecked in landing, a good many plans naturally went awry, but all the objectives finally were gained, which was a great achievement. The detailed story of these few days on the coasts of Morocco and Algiers, from Fedhala and Safi in the south to Oran and Algiers and on to Tunisia, is told in glowing colors in this volume, in Professor Morison's clear and trenchant style. Every movement of every ship, almost the firing of every gun, is carefully recorded; one almost feels that there is too much of detail to keep the story clear, too many names of ships, too many changes of courses, the mention of too many officers with all their ranks and titles; but this is necessary, of course, to make the relation comprehensive from a naval point of view.

The whole operation of the North African landing was involved with political issues of extreme intricacy and importance between the Vichy Government of France and the Allied Governments, issues which are still under heated debate and which probably will not be settled for a long time to come, if ever. The United States, it will be remembered, took the lead in recognizing Darlan as the supreme authority in North Africa; and Darlan immediately ordered the French Army and Navy to cease opposition. But whether Darlan represented Pétain or only himself, whether Pétain or the Vichy Government or even Darlan were in any particular free agents or trustworthy representatives of any faction, still remains to be seen.

Professor Morison takes a flat position on this policy; he claims that it was wise for the United States to recognize Darlan on the score of expediency, regardless of what he represented or which side of his mouth he was talking from, because he was

the only man who could deliver the goods. Yet it is apparent that what really brought the French around in North Africa was our show of force; on page 218, for instance, it is related how General Clark, after Darlan's orders to cease resistance had been countermanded by his subordinates, 'declared that if Darlan's orders were not reissued at once, he would arrest all French leaders in North Africa except Giraud, and establish an Anglo-American military Government over French North Africa.' If this were not an ultimatum with force behind it, one does not know how to define the term; and it apparently had no relation to the fact of whether Darlan had been recognized or not. That is, if Darlan had not been recognized, the same show of force would have produced about the same result.

In this sense, although it is fine to have a vigorous and emphatic opinion from Professor Morison on the question, it cannot be said that it helps much to clear up the ultimate historical point. The French in North Africa at this particular time were a shifty crowd, beset by many intricate cross-currents of emotion. They hated the British almost more than the Germans; in fact they did not know who to hate most, in a world that was falling around their ears. President Roosevelt had long since decided to recognize Darlan, and one suspects this carried extra weight with Professor Morison. Indeed, there is a trace of partisanship in his summary of the North African political issue; the fact that the invasion succeeded seems to justify the policies involved, whereas it might have succeeded just as well, or even better, under other policies.

Time is long and inexorable, and curtains have a way of rolling up. It always is well for an historian to be inside the curtain; and it never is wise for him to believe too faithfully in a given man. There are those today who claim that the whole North African enterprise was a mistake in terms of international politics, which of course is another matter. It certainly was not a mistake in terms of an introduction to battle, or learning how to fight the new warfare. As such it was a grim but brilliant success; the present work is a complete and admirable record of what went on in the United States Navy in this remarkable campaign.

JAMES A. FIELD, JR., *The Japanese at Leyte Gulf—The Shō Operation* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1947). 5½" x 8½", cloth. xiv + 162 pages, 12 plates, 23 maps and charts. \$2.50.

C. VANN WOODWARD, *The Battle for Leyte Gulf* (New York: Macmillan Company, 1947). 5½" x 8¼", cloth. xii + 244 pages, 20 plates, 6 charts. \$4.00.

The greatest naval action of World War II, which was also the largest sea action of all time, has recently been described in two able books, written from very different points of view. In October, November and December 1945 the United States Strategic Bombing Survey (Pacific), of which Rear Admiral R. A. Ofstie was the Senior Navy Member, conducted interrogations in Tokyo of surviving high ranking officers of the Imperial Japanese Navy in order to obtain as much information as possible concerning the enemy side of recent naval operations in the Pacific. Dr. James A. Field, Jr., then Lieutenant Commander, United States Naval Reserve (who had served aboard carriers in the Pacific during the war), was present at these interrogations as a member of Rear Admiral Ofstie's staff, and for many months

thereafter was involved in the preparation of the official publications of the Naval Analysis Division of the Survey.¹ Now, with official approval, he has written for the general reader an account of the Battle for Leyte Gulf *from the Japanese point of view*, based upon these authentic enemy sources. *The Japanese at Leyte Gulf* makes no attempt to deal with the operation of United States forces; everything is described in terms of enemy planning and execution. The Shō Operation—the final plan for the naval defence of the Philippines—is placed in its relation to the larger picture of Japan's war, and the sorry details of its execution are documented from official records. Dr. Field claims that his work is 'simply the elucidation of the planning and execution of Japan's greatest attempt to throw back the American advance across the Pacific, the attempt which resulted in the effective destruction of the Japanese Navy,' and this he has accomplished with skill.

The Battle for Leyte Gulf is, in contrast, based chiefly upon United States official sources, to which the author, C. Vann Woodward, Associate Professor of History at Johns Hopkins University, had access while serving as an Intelligence Officer in the Naval Reserve in the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations. The Japanese interrogations of the Strategic Bombing Survey have been used to clarify the enemy's part in the action. The result is a straightforward exposition of a singularly complicated set of sea battles, which is the best general account of the Battle for Leyte Gulf from both sides yet to be published.

Both books are necessarily concerned with the broader aspects of the battle and contain but few details of the individual activities of ships and men. It is well, however, before becoming absorbed in details to know something of the general picture, and it is fortunate that Dr. Field and Professor Woodward have been able so soon after the event to present well prepared narratives based, respectively, upon the enemy's and our own official sources.

WILLIAM KING COVELL, *A Short History of the Fall River Line: The Story of an Era in American Inland Water Transportation* (Newport, Rhode Island: A. H. G. Ward, Publisher, 32 Clarke Street, 1947), 7" x 10", 50 pages, 14 illustrations, paper covers. \$1.00.

In November 1933, Mr. W. K. Covell read this paper before a meeting of the Newport Historical Society and it was published the year following as Bulletin No. 90 of that society. Since the original publication did not have wide circulation and has long been out of print, the author sensibly decided, since this year marks the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Fall River Line, that it would be appropriate to reprint it. This was done with the valuable addition of reproductions of contemporary photographs of the boats and, since the line had regrettably become defunct in the interim, the substitution of past for present tense in referring to its operation. Beyond this, and the elimination of a few minor errors in the original, Mr. Covell has made no attempt to revise his story or bring it down to include the circumstances which brought about the line's demise. Nor does he dwell on the 'destruction' (to use his own word) of *Plymouth, Providence,*

¹ United States Strategic Bombing Survey (Pacific), Naval Analysis Division, *Interrogations of Japanese Officials* (Washington: Superintendent of Documents, [1945], 2 volumes) and *The Campaigns of the Pacific War* (Washington: Superintendent of Documents, 1946, 1 volume).

Priscilla, and *Commonwealth* by, ironically enough, the Union Shipbuilding Company of Baltimore in 1938 to provide scrap steel for the Japanese and souvenirs for steamboat fans.

Although several writers have chosen the Fall River Line as a subject for their talents, Mr. Covell unquestionably remains the authority on the subject due, not only to long residence hard by the steamboat docks at Newport, where he enjoyed a daily view of the vessels he knew and loved so well, but also to a scholarly appreciation of their worth uncolored by sentimentality. No one has greater cause to regret the passing of the 'World-Renowned, Mammoth Palace Steamers,' noble examples of the genius of American naval architect, shipbuilder and decorator, yet Mr. Covell does not for a minute let this carry him to excesses in his description of their creations. Here is a compact, ship-shape and scholarly account of the Fall River Line and what made it tick. A dollar is well spent.

WILLIAM BYGRAVE (Artist), *Bark Vernon of New York leaving Messina Harbor* (New York: The Old Print Shop, 1947), Collotype print in colors by Artistic Picture Publishing Company, 20" x 30" plus margins, broadside. \$15.00.

It is infrequently that 'reviews' of prints appear in *THE AMERICAN NEPTUNE*. The majority of modern nautical prints are cheap, gaudy reproductions of the 'Misty Morn' and 'Silvery Sails in the Moonlight' variety, devoid of historical interest or artistic merit. But Mr. Harry Shaw Newman, proprietor of the Old Print Shop, states in his monthly *Portfolio* of February 1947 that, 'sometimes paintings come to us which are so attractive that we do not like to have them leave us permanently before we have made some sort of record of them. In order to do this we have engaged the services of one of the leading color printers of our day, Arthur Jaffe. . .'

Mr. Newman is to be commended for this effort and we should like to recommend to museums, collectors and other dealers that they follow his example and thus share their pictorial treasures. The subject of this colorful print is the 1839 Medford-built bark *Vernon* owned by Warren Delano and commanded by Captain John McKay. The view, after a painting in oils by William Bygrave, shows the vessel clearing the harbor of Messina, Sicily, in the forties and is a spirited composition, faithful in the reproduction even to the point of recording cracks in the original canvas. Since it is preferable in framing prints to leave sufficient margin to include the title, it is a pity that a well balanced and handsomely printed caption was not prepared in character with the painting itself.

E. G. SWEM, *Views of Yorktown and Gloucester Town, 1755* (Newport News: The Mariners' Museum, 1946). Paper covers, 6" x 9", 8 pages unnumbered, 2 folding plates. Reprinted from *The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, Vol. 54, No. 2 (1946), as Mariners' Museum Publication No. 14. 30 cents.

Dr. Swem, Librarian Emeritus of the College of William and Mary, briefly describes the thirty-three drawings in a manuscript volume in The Mariners' Museum Library entitled, 'Voyage of H.M.S. *Success* and H.M.S. *Norwich* to Nova Scotia and Virginia, 1754-1756.' Dr. Swem feels that the two drawings of Yorktown

and Gloucester Point reproduced in this pamphlet are as important a discovery for Virginia as the views of Williamsburg unearthed in the Bodleian Library and used in the restoration of that colonial capital. The means used to reproduce the York and Gloucester views was not of the best, which is unfortunate since in a collotype reproduction the flavor and charm of the originals would not have been lost.

Lighthouses and Other Aids to the Mariner (Newport News: The Mariners' Museum, 1946). Paper covers, 6" x 9", 54 pages, 16 illustrations. Mariners' Museum Publication No. 15. 75 cents.

A catalogue listing some 130 items in an exhibit devoted to lighthouses and life saving equipment. The opening of this exhibit was noted in *THE AMERICAN NEPTUNE*, VI (1946), 307. It is now intended to be permanent. The museum has a copy of the rare (though frequently reproduced) Burgis mezzotint of Boston Light. Item No. 108, a deck-stool life preserver, is not as 'unique' as represented.

FLORENCIO PÉREZ EMBID, *El Almirantazgo de Castilla hasta las Capitulaciones de Santa Fe* (Sevilla: Editorial Católica Española S. A., 1944). 6 x 9 inches, 185 pages, illustrated. (Separate publication of a study appearing in the *Anuario de Estudios Americanos*, Sevilla, 1944.)

The study relates the history of the development of the Admiralty of Castille from the beginnings in 1254 to 1492 and contains a list with brief biographical notes of the Admirals. It is of considerable importance in the study of the background of Spanish maritime progress up to the time of Columbus, and clarifies somewhat the nature and implications of some of the claims made by Columbus and the awards granted to him in consequence of his voyages and discoveries.